

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT.

VOL. XXXVII

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1912.

8 Pages

No. 11

MRS. MCGAVOCK

DIES SUNDAY

Eminent Woman Passes To Her Reward—Spent Entire Life In Breckenridge County—Had A Large Family And Lovely Home—Survived By Children And One Brother.

FUNERAL HELD MONDAY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Skillman McGavock died at her home in the country Sunday morning about seven o'clock. A week before her death she fell and broke one rib, this and the infirmities of old age hastened the end of her useful, rich life.

The fourth day of August Mrs. McGavock was seventy-eight years old. She was born in Breckenridge county near Hardinsburg and all her years were spent here and near her birthplace. January 18, 1860, she was married to John H. McGavock, a farmer of an old and prominent family. She had several sisters and brothers, among them, Mrs. John Allen Murray, and Mrs. W. H. Webb, Mr. Abe Skillman. Mr. Skillman is the only member of the family now living.

Mrs. McGavock was a member of the Methodist church and although she lived in the country, inconvenient to attend all the services, the old, old story made the golden fancies and dreams of her life. Her home was often opened to ministers. They and friends and relatives always found love and hospitality under her roof. Her children were devoted, obedient and lovingly tender to their mother, and her death brings sorrow without regrets.

Mrs. McGavock leaves the following children: Leon, Marion, Gordon, John, Abraham and Miss Lucy McGavock. About a year ago her daughter, Mrs. Malissa McGavock Hardin died suddenly.

The funeral was held at the Methodist church Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The Rev. Mr. Frank Lewis officiated and the music was rendered by the church choir. The pall-bearers were: Chas. and O. T. Skillman, Zack and Hillary Hardin, Thos. McGavock and Morris Beard. The burial took place in the Cloverport cemetery.

Among those who were here from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. James Skillman, Chas. B. Skillman, Mrs. Lucy Younger, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Beard, Miss Louise Aud, Mrs. Herbert Beard, Thos. McGavock and daughter, Mrs. Jordan, of Webster, and Richard S. Skillman, of West Point.

Dr. Taylor Here.

Dr. Taylor, of Irvington, has succeeded Dr. Boone here and has his dental parlors in Dr. Owen's office. He will be in Irvington, Monday and Tuesday of every week. His services, no doubt, will be satisfactory and Dr. Taylor is being welcomed by Cloverport.

Ameil Pate In Louisville.

Ameil Pate is in Louisville where he is finishing the machinist trade at the L. & N. Shops. He is a young man who has an excellent future before him and can make good. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Pate, visited him last week.

Mrs. J. Rogers Gore Dies In Hodgenville.

Hodgenville, Ky., Sept. 12.—Mrs. J. Rogers Gore, aged thirty-five, died here last night following a long illness. Mrs. Gore was a native of Louisville and resided there nearly all her life. Mrs. Gore is survived by her husband, who was formerly secretary to Congressman Ben Johnson, and two children, a son and daughter. Her funeral will be held here Friday afternoon.

Father Dies.

J. T. Rushing returned last Saturday from Marlon, Ky., where he was attending the funeral of his father, A. E. Rushing, aged 81 years. Elizabethtown News.

Mr. Gregory At State Fair

J. H. Gregory, of Garfield, was a member of the former boys' encampment at the State fair. Many of the State

officials complimented him very highly for his earnestness and interest manifested in everything coming under his observation. They said he never failed to ask about things that interested him and that he investigated thoroughly everything that would help him on the farm. If Mr. Gregory will keep the fair idea in his heart and mind and work it out along scientific lines it will be worth dollars to him in his business.

Breckenridge County Stock At The State Fair.

The big Polled Durham bull belonging to W. R. Moorman and son, of Glen Dean, Ky., and weighing 2,600 pounds, attracted much attention at the State Fair. They captured thirty-one blue ribbons, eleven reds and one white. Their two year old bull won the grand championship for bull of all ages.

Church Conference

The Rev. Mr. Frank Lewis, Methodist pastor, has arranged an interesting program for the church conference tonight. All members are urged to attend.

Will Play In Louisville

The Hardinsburg High School football team go to Louisville October 5 to play Mammoth Training School. October 21 they play Owensboro High School. They have two dates not yet closed with the Louisville High School—one at home and one there.

HARVEY M'CUTCHEEN

Dies Suddenly At His Home In Simpson County—Former Member Of The State Board Of Prison Commissioners.

Information was received in Owensboro Saturday morning, announcing the death of Harvey Slaughter McCutchen, former member of the state board of commissioners, who passed away suddenly at 7 o'clock Saturday morning, at his home at South Union, Simpson county. Death was due to heart failure.

Mr. McCutchen had been ill of rheumatism for several weeks, but neither his family nor his friends were apprehensive of his condition and his sudden death came as a great shock. A physician was summoned from Louisville at an early hour Saturday morning, but did not arrive at the home of the sufferer, till the latter had sunk into a comatose state, from which he never rallied.

The funeral services will be conducted at South Union at 9 o'clock Monday morning, by the Rev. Charles E. Craig, of Louisville, brother-in-law of the deceased. The body will then be taken to Bowling Green and will be interred in Fairview cemetery.

Mr. McCutchen was twice married, his first wife, who died shortly after their marriage, having formerly been Miss Sue McHenry, of Frankfort, a frequent visitor in Owensboro. In 1909, he was remarried to Miss Ethel Wilder, of Louisville, by whom he is survived. At the time of his death, Mr. McCutchen was forty years of age. —Owensboro Messenger.

Happy Mother Of 15 Children Comes Home For a Visit

Mrs. L. Q. Wilcoxson and three children arrived Monday from her home in Cleveland, Okla. She was enroute to visit her sister, Mrs. J. H. Carman, near Custer. Mrs. Wilcoxson is a very remarkable woman: she is 43 years old, the mother of fifteen children—10 living and five dead. She and her husband moved to Oklahoma fifteen years ago. This is her second visit home.

HELP THE MAN WHO WILL HELP YOU

To the Editor of The Breckenridge News: As a believer in the progressive ideals of government represented in the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States, and to the end that he may take the office free-handed, untrammelled and obligated to none but the people of the country, I wish to contribute through you, to be forwarded to Governor Wilson, the sum of \$..... toward the expenses of his campaign.

(Name).....
(Address).....

DAVE WALLS TO STUDY LAW

Custer School Man Takes Another Step of Progress—Will Study For the Profession of Law. Joel H. Pile Pays Him Many Compliments.

SENT MANY TO HIGH SCHOOL

Four or five years ago an excellent board of trustees, acting for an interested community, asked the writer to recommend them a good teacher for the Custer school. The response was, "Employ Dave Walls, and if he is not satisfactory I'll resign the county superintendency and come teach myself, if you'll let me."

Soon after he had charge of the school I was informed by one of the delighted trustees, "We do not want you to come to take his place." From that good day till this, when it is necessary for him to resign in order to continue his law study in Louisville, Custer has enjoyed a constantly growing school and a deepening interest in education.

In addition to training and equipping several teachers, Mr. Walls has sent more pupils to the County High School than any other teacher.

He leaves the Custer district with a splendid library of 180 volumes. Each year he has added the Pupils' Reading Circle Course, and he has so stimulated the desire for good reading that there are no unused books in the collection. In the ten years of his teaching he has taught eleven schools, the first four of which were at home, or so close that he boarded at home.

Results in scholarship and the desire to prosecute an education in the High School and beyond, have been secured by honest and thorough work in a well disciplined school.

Order has been one of his first laws. His motto has always been: "Go after the grown-ups and the younger ones will follow;" and none were too old or large to "go after", while the years have shown none were too young to follow.

If the bar's gain is to be equal to the school's loss, we congratulate the legal profession upon its promised accession. Natural ability coupled with the training at the Western State Normal at Bowling Green made him a front rank teacher. His work is his best recommendation, and from it we prophesy a success in the legal field. Joel H. Pile.

In Daviess County Business College.

Miss Eunice Jennings was in the Breckenridge News office to renew her subscription Saturday before returning to Owensboro. She has a position in the Daviess County Business College, one of the best schools in Western Kentucky. Miss Jennings will teach only one study, book-keeping, and she is thoroughly equipped for the work.

IRVINGTON ITEMS AND NEWS NOTES

One Hundred And Sixty-two Scholars Enrolled At Irvington School During The Second Week—Young People's Societies To Unite At Meeting Friday Evening—Sewing Club Organized.

POINTS ABOUT EVERYBODY

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Henderson are in Louisville this week to see the big Fair, later they will go to Indianapolis for a visit to their sister, Mrs. Fannie Cain.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Drury spent the latter portion of the week in Louisville attending the State Fair, while there they were guests of Miss Blanche Saunders.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. F. Alexander and sons, Thomas and Edwin, spent Friday in Louisville seeing the State Fair.

Miss Carrie D. Frakes, of Bewleyville, is visiting Miss Lottie Bandy.

Mrs. G. O. Bailey was in Louisville Wednesday.

Mrs. Kate L. Bennett is in Pewee Valley for a visit to her sister, Mrs. Arthur Williams, and family.

Mrs. John R. Wimp is in Hopkinsville this week as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Bailey Waller, she is accompanied by her daughter, Miss Katharine Wimp, who will enter the college there.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Malin, of Owensboro, have returned home after a visit to relatives here.

Gus Shelman and Jones Mercer, of Hardinsburg, were in town Tuesday afternoon enroute for Louisville and Frankfort where Mr. Mercer has received the appointment of prison clerk.

The second week of school shows an enrollment of 162 pupils only 20 short of the entire number reported in the district. This is the kind of school spirit which should exist all over the county—yes and state also.

Mrs. Lillie Holland and son, James, and grandmother Rhodes have taken a cottage out near the new school and are enjoying the novelty of house-keeping.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Lindsay, of Cincinnati, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Mathews, left this week for Anderson, Ind., they were accompanied by Master Howard Mathews who will spend the fall and winter with his grandparents.

Master Crafton Cunningham, who has been with his sister, Mrs. Louis H. Jolly, during vacation, left Monday afternoon to resume his studies in the Louisville Training School at Beechmont.

Hubert Lyons is in Lexington for a special course in A. and M. College.

Mrs. W. Beard, of Louisville, is spending the week here as the guest

of her aunt, Mrs. Mary Munford.

With the changing of the season comes the increased demand for more houses to rent, every house in town is full and there is a demand for at least fifteen more.

Owing to the fact that our school only provides for a two year's High School course, a number of our boys and girls have been forced to seek other schools where they might continue their course since having completed the work here.

Realizing to its greatest depth that in Union there is strength, Miss Viola Lewis, of the Christian Endeavor Society, is making a heroic effort to federate the young people's societies of the three churches—Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist—this is an effort in the right direction. A meeting for this purpose was held at the Presbyterian church Friday evening, there will be another meeting at the same place next Friday evening at 7:35.

Out of the Home Economics Department of the School Improvement League there has developed such interest that on Saturday morning Mrs. C. S. Chamberlain, who has taken a special course in Home Economics from Chicago University, organized a sewing class which meets with her each Saturday morning. Since it is not possible to have this branch taught in our school, we deem this the most reasonable solution of the question. Mrs. Chamberlain is doing a great work along this line.

Continued on page 8

MR. SHREWSBURY

Visits Cloverport—Happy Farmer From McQuady Guest Of His Daughters Here—Has Large Family And Grand Children And Lives A Busy Life.

Henry Shrewsbury, of McQuady, left Sunday after a visit to his daughters, Mrs. Garfield Burden and Mrs. John Newton, in this city. His children here are young married people and it was a delight to them to have their father a guest in their pleasant homes.

The neighbors of Mr. Shrewsbury tell that he is one of the best farmers around McQuady, because he works, undertakes all his responsibilities, meets all of his obligations and still finds a chance to have an easy time now and then, and a visit occasionally.

Mr. and Mrs. Shrewsbury have eight children, all married except two. He declares that its more work with them away than when they were little tots around the fire-side. "Now, they all come home and bring their children and their company. There are the horses to put up and it keeps my nose to the grindstone to keep everything running right". All the time he was smiling and it could be plainly seen that Mr. Shrewsbury was wrapped up in his big, happy family.

Mr. Shrewsbury is a great reader. He has always taken the Breckenridge News, besides daily papers and farm journals. He enjoys health and looks as though he will vote the Democratic ticket many more times after Gov. Wilson is elected.

MR. HERNDON PARALYZED AT HIS HOME IN ENID

Irvington, Sept. 14. (Special)—Friends and relatives of H. W. Herndon, of Enid, Okla., learned today that he had been stricken with paralysis, his entire left side being affected.

Infant Dies

Lillian A. Weedman, the three months' old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Weedman, died last Wednesday. She was a sweet little darling and will be sadly missed by her parents and grand-parents' friends. We grieve the loss of her, but it is her gain, as God thought it best to call her home.—A grandmother.

Renews Subscription.

Kind Mr. Babbage: You will find enclosed \$1 for my renewal to your paper, The Breckenridge News, for which you can send to same address, Stanley R. No. 2.

Yours Respectfully,
Mrs. Susan Whitehouse.
Birk City, Ky.

Drury Wins Premium

Chas. H. Drury, Irvington, won first on harness stallion four years old and over, at Hardin county fair.

SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE TONIGHT

Cloverport Baptist Church Scene Of Interesting Convention. Secretary Entzminger Will Speak—All Churches Invited To Attend.

AFTERNOON SERVICES 4 P. M.

Secretary Entzminger and Field Worker Leavell will arrive on the 7:15 train from Louisville this evening and will be on hand for the opening service of the Institute at the Baptist church tonight at 7:30.

This is not a Convention of the ordinary type where the speakers exploit pet theories and offer unwelcome advice and the hearers neither adopt the theories nor take the advice, but it is a School of Methods in charge of experts who have given careful study to the latest Sunday school methods. They do not come to tell us of the problems that perplex us, but they come to tell us how to overcome them and to make Sunday school work both easier and more effective. The plans for enlargement, grading, organization, and teacher training have been worked out after years of study and application and are being rapidly introduced in the thousands of schools in the fifteen states composing the Southern Baptist Convention. Kentucky is maintaining a good lead in the work with their four experts in the field who are in great demand and are on the go all the time.

The members of the other schools of Cloverport and of the county and the public generally are invited to attend any and all of the services as the methods are practical and adaptable to all schools.

On Thursday a house-to-house canvass of Cloverport will be made to discover the possibilities of each school and the information will be turned over to the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist Sunday schools that all out of the Sunday schools may be reached by the school of their choice.

The afternoon services will be held at four o'clock instead of three thirty that the teachers and pupils of the public schools may attend.

There will be a service every night the remainder of the week and every afternoon from 4 to 5 beginning Thursday. The Baptist Sunday School Convention will be held on Saturday from 2 to 4 in order that those who may be compelled to return before Sunday may get the 5 o'clock train.—E. O. C.

Busy Bees' Annual Picnic

The annual picnic of the Busy Bee Missionary Society of the Methodist church occurred Saturday, the children met that morning with Mrs. Arch Pulliam, who is their manager, and all with lunches and banners marched out to Mr. S. R. Bandy's spring above town, each child invited two guests. When they returned to town in the afternoon each one bearing a large bunch of goldenrod and all singing America at the top of their sweet voices it made us wish we were in it too.—Irvington Correspondent.

Ice Cream Supper.

The Breckenridge County H. S. will give an ice cream supper Tuesday night, Sept. 24; the proceeds to be used in payment of debt on piano. This will be the biggest ice cream supper given this year. Everybody is invited to spend a delightful evening with the school.

Notice To Tax Payers

Your city and school taxes are now due. My office is in the Bank of Cloverport. Please call and settle.

L. V. Chapin, Tax Collector

Thos. Lewis Better

Thos. Lewis has been quite ill with gall stone for two weeks. He is reported better.

Hunting Licenses

County Clerk H. M. Beard has issued 64 hunting licenses up to last Monday.

Sells Place On Pike

Mr. and Mrs. James Sahle have sold their store house on the pike to Fred McClelland for \$275. Mr. McClelland sold his farm of 100 acres, near Axtel, to J. P. Raskridge for \$500.

SCHOOL BUTTER

Gets Busy In Gingham Aprons. Wash Desks And Varnishes Them—Scrubs Floors, Cleans Windows—Mr. Weatherholt Furnishes Varnish And Brushes.

Friday was cleaning up day in the highest room of the Cloverport Graded School. Mr. Weatherholt's pupils got busy with brooms, soap and water and made the dirt fly. There were 51 pupils all working at one time cleaning up to start the new term in a room of brightness and freshness.

The boys and girls scrubbed the floors, scrubbed their desks and then varnished them. Mr. Weatherholt gave them brushes and varnish for the job. When four o'clock came Friday afternoon the boys and girls were tired and dirty—but delighted over the results of their efforts.

Every day now the streets are gay with merry children—two hundred and fifty going and coming at every tap of the bell. They keep up a chatter on the streets, all saying what they "have to do"—for discipline is being exercised at C. H. S. this year and the children are taking right hold of the things they must do.

Honor rolls are being placed for each grade, prizes are being offered and the children are bubbling over with enthusiasm over the plans the teachers and trustees have for them.

The implicit confidence that many people have in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is founded on their experience in the use of that remedy and their knowledge of the many remarkable cures of colic, diarrhoea and dysentery that it has effected. For sale by all dealers.

Organizes Methodist Church In Walter, Oklahoma.

Dear Mr. Babbage: Find enclosed one dollar for renewal to your much welcomed paper. I wish to say to my old Kentucky friends that I have just closed a very successful meeting near Walter, Okla., and near my home and organized a Methodist church South. Thirty-two members with others to follow. We are having quite a drought at present. It is damaging cotton considerably. Other crops are fairly good, wheat making us high as thirty bushels per acre. Oats good. Some corn will make sixty bushels per acre. Alfalfa fine this year. Peaches twenty-five

cents per bushel and slow sale at that. I just got a letter from D. C. Johnson, of Colorado. He said all the Kentuckians there are doing fairly well, but said they still liked to talk of Kentucky and Breckenridge county.

One letter for Wilson and Marshall. We have just made a new county here and hope to make Walter the county seat. My farm is six miles from Walter. I hope sometime to shake the hands of my many friends in old Breckenridge. My best regards to all. Rev. G. E. Morris, Walter, Okla., Sept. 9, 1912.

If you knew of the real value of Chamberlain's Liniment for lame back, soreness of the muscles, sprains and rheumatic pains, you would never wish to be without it. For sale by all dealers.

RAYMOND.

Elmer Chappell, visited his brother, Chester, at Irvington Sunday and was accompanied home by his nephew.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Philpot, of Stony Point, spent Sunday with Willis Chappell.

Mrs. Georgia Wallace, of Troy, Tenn., who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Hendry, for some time, went to Hardinsburg last Friday to spend a few days with her sister, Mrs. Tom Beard.

G. W. Cashman, of Sandy Hill, was here Sunday.

Mrs. Ollie Adkisson and children, of Sample, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Avitt.

Lawrence Chappell was at home from Weldon Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Baysinger is sick at this writing.

Jess Cashman attended church at Union Star Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Cashman has a goose that is laying and this makes the third litter this year. If any one can beat this, let's hear from them.

Looking Ahead.

"If your feet hurt ye so much, Silas," said Mrs. Weevey, "why on airth don't ye wear them shoes ye bought down to Boston last summer that ye said was so com'fable?"

"Why, Mirady," said Silas, "ef I wore them them shoes I'd wear 'em out, and then I wouldn't have nothin' t' fall back on."—Judge.

A Growing Plant

"Why art thy so silent? Is thy love a plant?"

"Yes," said a bright, sweet sixteen-year-old of Cloverport, "but it has not matured yet."

MCQUADY NEWS

Little Golda May Dies—School Entertainment Delightful At Fair And Makes Money For Its Betterment—Other Notes.

The ice cream supper Saturday night was a success. A large crowd was present and a neat sum was realized, which will be used for the benefit of the school. Misses Whittinghill and Rhodes were ideal hostesses and every body enjoyed the evening immensely.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ruppert attended the State Fair.

Golda May, the one year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Huff, died Wednesday afternoon at the home of her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Payne, and was buried Thursday morning at the Catholic cemetery here.

Misses Vera Weatherford and Pearl Lyons, of Ball's, spent Saturday night with Mrs. Mollie DeJarnett.

Gabe Wright went to Louisville this week.

Ferd Owen has been in Louisville, where he underwent an operation for cancer.

Dr. Allen Kineheloe, Jr., has located here.

John O'Brien went to Hardinsburg Wednesday.

George Day has returned from Arkansas.

Messrs. Roy Ball and Joy Beatty spent Sunday at Tar Springs.

People Should Leave

Others' Affairs Alone.

The Muhlenberg Argus draws a graphic and true lesson from the terrible crime which occurred at Central City recently when John Businger slew his wife with a hatchet, when it says that the homicide would probably never have occurred but for the gossip and interference of "neighbors, relatives and alleged friends" of the couple, who meddled too much with the private affairs of the two. Of course there is no excuse for murder, but most of the divorces, separations and marital troubles which occur nowadays are found, upon investigation, to be caused by the interference of the above named pestiferous persons into the affairs of married couples.—Hartford Herald.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers, rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Fine for cuts, burns, bruises. Should be kept in every home. 25c and 50c.

CHAINS NOT TO BE USED IN TRANSFERRING CONVICTS

Loaded with murderers, thieves, forgers, con men, burglars and others convicted of violating State laws, a train will leave the Minnesota State prison the latter part of November for a two mile trip to the new penitentiary in South Stillwater. Warden Woller announced that shackles will not be used, but that he will rely on armed guards to see that each prisoner is placed behind the great cement walls at the new institution.

A Northern Pacific train will be backed into the prison yards, the convicts placed in it and guards stationed at the doors at each end of the cars. Many of the men to be transferred in November have not seen the outside of the prison for ten years. Some are serving life sentences.—St. Paul Dispatch.

\$3.50 Louisville Evening Post and Breckenridge News one year \$3.50.

STEPHENSPOET.

Hewitt Dix has returned to Lexington to school after spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Dix.

Mrs. Fella, of Holt, was the dinner guest of Dr. and Mrs. Shively Sunday.

Miss Bettie Allen, we are glad to know, is improving.

Mrs. June Bandy and daughter, of Lodigub, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Ater Sunday.

Paints and varnishes at Mrs. McCubbins. Painting time now.

Mrs. H. S. English, Jr., and children spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Fox.

Mrs. W. J. Schopp returned home from Louisville Saturday night accompanied by her father, Mr. Blitz.

Emery French is working as third trick operator at the Shops for an indefinite time.

A. C. McKaughan and Gordon Payne came up in Mr. McKaughan's gasoline launch from Cloverport Sunday morning and returned home Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. M. L. Roberts returned home from Lexington last week.

Mrs. W. C. Dutschke and children were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Wegenast Sunday.

BALL & MILLER

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

Bus Meets all Trains

Hardinsburg, Ky

Buhrman Dowell is working in the telegraph office here with his brother, O. W. Dowell.

Sam Gilbert is very ill.

Miss Vera Tinius, of Holt, and Morris Osborne, of Kansas City, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Tinius Sunday and attended church here.

Roofing paint. Now is the time to use it. Mrs. McCubbins has it.

Master Clifford William Dowell was very sick last week, but is much improved now.

Felt, galvanized and iron roofing at the very lowest prices.—Mrs. McCubbins

The Rev. W. F. W. Jones, of Louisville, preached in the Baptist church here Sunday and Sunday night. He has accepted the call from the church as pastor. Rev. J. T. Lewis, of Fordsville, will assist Bro. Jones in the series of meetings beginning here Monday night after the fourth Sunday.

Rev. Jones was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Fox Sunday.

TEETH TELL

Disposition Of Sweetheart -

Girls With Pink-Tinted Teeth Have Strong Character And Lovely Ways

"Girls with pink-tinted teeth have a loving disposition and will make good wives," declared Dr. Jacob S. Wells, a prominent dentist of Fargo, N. D.

"Young men would do well if they would have their sweetheart's teeth examined before marrying them. Those girls who have dull, chalky teeth are not prone to love and will not as a general rule make good wives.

"Girls of thrifty inclinations have the pink tint just below the gums. It can be readily seen if one will look closely. The color is in the enamel, and is not, as some dentists state, an overhauling of the gums.

"It would seem that the best course for a young man to pursue when he has doubts about the sincerity of his sweetheart is to have a dentist examine her teeth. I know one young man who done this and he found that his sweetheart had chalky teeth and she loved him for his money.

"These are scientific facts. No one doubts that the disposition of a person can be determined by the formation of their teeth. It is as sure a means of determining a person's disposition as is phrenology. If you see a person with square white clear teeth, the chances are she or he will have a strong character and will come to distinction in the world."

ONE DROP

of BOURBON POULTRY CURE down a chick's throat cures gapes. A few drops in the drinking water cures and prevents cholera, diarrhoea and other chick diseases. One 50c bottle makes 12 gallons of medicine. At all druggists. Sample and booklet on "Diseases of Poultry" sent FREE. Bourbon Remedy Co., Lexington, Ky.

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L. L. Wilkerson, New York,	25.00
C. E. Keith, Elizabethtown	5.00

For Sale

15 H. P.

F. M. WATKINS GAS OR GASOLINE ENGINE

This engine is in good condition; has been run about 4 years and is a bargain to anyone needing a stationary engine. Has all necessary pipes, gasoline tank which holds about 30 gallons; has detachable gasoline pump and a natural gas attachment. Reason for selling—entirely too large for my purpose. For further information call on or address

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E. B. Miller, Pres.

Owensboro, Ky.

THESE SIX LETTERS From New England Women

Prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Does Restore the Health of Ailing Women.

Boston, Mass.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from hemorrhages (sometimes lasting for weeks), and could get nothing to check them. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound (tablet form) on Tuesday, and the following Saturday morning the hemorrhages stopped. I have taken them regularly ever since and am steadily gaining.

"I certainly think that every one who is troubled as I was should give your Compound Tablets a faithful trial, and they will find relief."—Mrs. GEORGE JENY, 802 Fifth Street, South Boston, Mass.

Letter from Mrs. Julia King, Phoenix, R.I.

Phoenix, R.I.—"I worked steady in the mill from the time I was 12 years old until I had been married a year, and I think that caused my bad feelings. I had soreness in my side near my left hip that went around to my back, and sometimes I would have to lie in bed for two or three days. I was not able to do my housework.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me wonderfully in every way. You may use my letter for the good of others. I am only too glad to do anything within my power to recommend your medicine."—Mrs. JULIA KING, Box 52, Phoenix, R.I.

Letter from Mrs. Etta Donovan, Willimantic, Conn.

Willimantic, Conn.—"For five years I suffered untold agony from female troubles causing backache, irregularities, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk up stairs without stopping on the way. I was all run down in every way.

"I tried three doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said it was no use for me to take anything as nothing would restore me to health again. So I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and by taking seven bottles of the Compound and other treatment you advised, I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. ETTA DONOVAN, 702 Main Street, Willimantic, Conn.

Letter from Mrs. Winfield Dana, Augusta, Me.

Augusta, Me.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured the backache, headache, and the bad pain I had in my right side, and I am perfectly well."—Mrs. WINFIELD DANA, R.F.D. No. 2, Augusta, Me.

Letter from Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Newport, Vt.

Newport, Vt.—"I thank you for the great benefit Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I took eight bottles and it did wonders for me, as I was a nervous wreck when I began taking it. I shall always speak a good word for it to my friends."—Mrs. JOHN A. THOMPSON, Box 3, Newport Center, Vermont.

Letter from Miss Grace Dodds, Bethlehem, N.H.

Bethlehem, N.H.—"By working very hard, sweeping carpets, washing, ironing, lifting heavy baskets of clothes, etc., I got all run down. I was sick in bed every month.

"This last Spring my mother got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and already I feel like another girl. I am regular. I do not have the pains that I did, and do not have to go to bed. I will tell my friends what the Compound is doing for me."—Miss GRACE DODDS, Box 133, Bethlehem, N.H.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine, made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



WILSON NOT AFRAID

Of The Number Thirteen- Has Brought Him Good Luck All Through Life.-Was Thirteenth Professor Of Princeton.

Seagirt, N. J., Sept. 13.—On this, Friday, the thirteenth day of the month, Gov. Woodrow Wilson sat in seat No. 13 in a parlor car returning to Seagirt to-day from his New York trip. The presidential candidate liked the coincidence.

"Thirteen is my lucky number," he said. "I usually get seat 13 or room 13 wherever I go. The number thirteen has run through my life constantly. When I was in my thirtieth year, a professor at Princeton, I was a thirteenth president of the University. There are just thirteen letters in my name. I am not afraid of No. 13."

The Governor has in the past thirteen days delivered thirteen speeches. He has a number of appointments for to-day and tomorrow and will leave here Sunday night for Sioux City, Ia., and his Western engagements.

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headache, lacked ambition, was worn out and all run down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Freitoy, Moosup, Conn.

CUSTER

The protracted meeting, which has been in progress at this place for the past ten days, has closed. The Revs. King and Penick, who have been engaged in the work for the past two months continually, seemed to be physically exhausted. They did the plain Bible preaching, and it touched the hearts of many people in the community. The result was fourteen conversions. There seems to be a revival spirit in this community at the present, so much so, that a protracted prayer meeting will begin on Wednesday evening.

Supt. Driskell visited the school at this place last week and made a very interesting talk to the pupils.

G. H. Pile and Master Oscar Alexander, went to Louisville last Monday.

Miss Golda Pile, of Constantine, visited her sister, Mrs. Sherman Haynes, during the meeting.

Amon Oliver attended the State Fair in Louisville.

Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Harned visited Mr. Harned's parents, who live in Hardin county, Thursday.

The protracted meeting which has been in progress at the High Plains church for two weeks, closed last Sunday morning.

Rev. R. O. Penick and Dr. J. W. Meador, will leave to attend conference within a few days.

J. A. Cook is in Hardinsburg this week looking after the milling business.

James Tanner, of Constantine, passed through town yesterday on his way home from the State Fair.

Miss Maud Mattingly, of Garfield, who has been visiting her brother, Earl Mattingly, of this place, returned home this week.

Dr. J. W. Meador made a flying trip to Louisville last week.

Mrs. R. W. Meador is better.

Mrs. Susan Ann Allen, of near this place, is dead.

Correspondents must sign name.—Editor.

Do You Get Up

With a Lame Back?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everyone knows of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because of its remarkable health restoring properties. Swamp-Root fulfills almost every wish in overcoming rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been thoroughly tested in private practice, and has proved so successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Home of Swamp-Root, Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles are sold by druggists. Don't make any mistake remember the name, Swamp-Root, Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the bottle, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

OUR SEPTEMBER SALE OF

400 Women's and Misses' Tailored Suits

IS NOW ON

In more than twenty new distinct Fall Models and of \$30.00, \$25.00 and \$20.00 qualities at the extreme bargain price of

\$15.00

It will pay every woman and miss in Breckinridge county to come to Louisville and take advantage of this offer. Mind you every suit is brand new, fresh from the makers who employ skilled work-people who know how to tailor and finish garments perfectly.

Railroad Fares Refunded

We rebate five (5) per cent of out of town customers' total purchases up to the amount of their round trip railroad fare.

J. BACON & SONS

ESTABLISHED IN 1845
INCORPORATED

330-333 West Market Street
215 South Fourth Avenue

Louisville, . . . Kentucky

Harry Bell Sells Calf For

Record-Breaking Price.

H. L. Bell, of Guston, shipped a calf not quite three months old to Louisville last week and in return received a check for \$25.55 for same. The calf weighed 300 pounds in Louisville and sold for 9c lb., bringing gross \$27.00. Mr. Bell says the calf never had a drink of water or tasted one mouthful of grass or anything to eat except its mother's milk.—Meade County Messenger.

Few, if any medicines, have met with the uniform success, that has attended the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The remarkable cures of colic and diarrhoea which it has effected in almost every neighborhood have given it a wide reputation. For sale by all dealers.

New Railroad Between

Owensboro And Hopkinsville

Hopkinsville, Ky., Sept. 10.—Plans for a new railroad in Western Kentucky were detailed last night by President B. H. Kennedy, of the Owensboro Bridge & Traction Company, and Secretary George Cox, of the Owensboro Commercial Club, before an enthusiastic meeting of the Hopkinsville Business Men's Association. The visitors stated that ample funds for the road's construction had been provided and asked for \$3,000 to pay half the expense of a preliminary survey from Owensboro to Hopkinsville. The Hopkinsville Association offered \$5,000 in cash, payable when the line was constructed. This counter-proposition was readily accepted.

Messrs Kennedy and Cox stated that already \$4,500,000 bonds had been floated by an English syndicate to build a railroad bridge over the Ohio at Owensboro and eighty-five miles of track to Elmore, Ind., connecting there with a direct line to Chicago.

The proposed road from Owensboro to Hopkinsville would pass through rich and undeveloped mineral lands and forests, now having no shipping facilities, and connect here with the Tennessee Central railroad, giving connection with Nashville and thence with Southern ports.

Suffrage Mary.

Mary had a little lamb,
It was't any use,
Now everywhere that Mary goes
She has a little mouse.

The Time To Advertise.

The time to advertise is all the time, but the advertising should vary with the seasons.

Advertising performs a double function. It helps the merchant to move larger quantities, and so enables him to buy at better advantage than he could do without advertising.

It enables the customer to study the stock in advance. She compares her wants and her purse with the goods advertised, and she goes to the store knowing what she wants, consequently shopping is facilitated, and the day's business is more satisfactory to all concerned.—Evening Post.

THE BEST PROOF

Cloverport Citizens Cannot Doubt It.

Doan's Kidney Pills were used.—They brought benefit. The story was told to Cloverport residents.

Time has strengthened the evidence. Has proven the result lasting. The testimony is from this locality. The proof convincing.

Mrs. G. W. Fitzgerald, 1121 W. Fifth St., Owensboro, Ky., says: "I wish to say that Doan's Kidney Pills are an honest kidney remedy. I was in a bad way before I began their use. I had backache day and night and the kidney secretions caused me much annoyance. I got Doan's Kidney Pills and had not taken many before I was greatly relieved. I can now sleep soundly, the headaches have left me and my back is strong."

The above statement was given May 9, 1907, and when Mrs. Fitzgerald was interviewed on February 20, 1912 she added: "I do not have to use Doan's Kidney Pills any more since they cured me years ago. You are at liberty to use my statement as heretofore."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Colored School.

S. E. Dean, principal of the colored school, called at The News office Thursday to renew his subscription. He says there are fifty-six pupils enrolled this term. He has one assistant.

Edith Adams, of this city, teaches domestic science in the colored school at Elizabethtown.

Susie Roberts teaches school near Patesville. Cloverport is turning out some good colored school teachers.

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver perhaps needs waking up. Doan's Regulents for bilious attacks, 25c at all stores.

Cut Alfalfa Four Times.

John C. Jarboe, successful farmer of Hancock county and a prominent citizen of Cloverport, has ten acres of alfalfa and is now cutting it for the fourth time.

The name—Doan's—inspires confidence.—Doan's Kidney Pills for kidney ills. Doan's Ointment for skin itching. Doan's Regulents for a mild laxative. Sold at all drug stores.

Renews Paper.

Dear Mr. Babbage: Enclosed find 25 cents for the News 3 months. I have neglected to subscribe since my subscription was out, please excuse this amount. Probably when Gov. Wilson is elected, I can send a year's subscription. Please send this week's issue. As ever, Mrs. Laura B. Tierney, Reynolds Station, R. F. D. No. 1.

The Butchers.

A butcher who had some spare time last week made a study of the telephone directory for butchers whose names are out of the ordinary or fit the business. Sam Frankfurter has a shop at 219 East Seventh street and A. Weiner is at 1443 Avenue. A. John Now is on Third avenue and Frank Then on Amsterdam avenue. If they formed a partnership, Now & Then would sound familiar. Wing Sang is in the poultry business and A. Fox is a game dealer. Louis Rich is on Third avenue and John Richer is in the Bronx. Emil Half is on Amsterdam avenue, George Idler hustles in a market on Webster avenue. John Grab is taking things easy in his shop on Second avenue. Max Warm is trying to keep cool in his shop on East Houston street. Max Lent, of Norfolk street, never keeps it. Joseph Rug, of West Fifteenth street, should be a favorite with the ladies. For the finish, how about Julius Goodby, of Avenue A? —Butchers Advocate.

An article that has real merit should in time become popular. That such is the case with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been attested by many dealers. Here is one of them. H. W. Hendrickson, Ohio Falls, Ind., writes, "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best for coughs, colds and croup, and is my best seller." For sale by all dealers.

Thirty-One Blue Ribbons.

The show of beef cattle, which was held Tuesday afternoon, according to officials, was one of the finest ever seen at a State fair, despite the fact that the most of the prizes were captured by one firm and that the Red Poll division failed to get an entry. The Polled Durham herd was exceptionally fine.

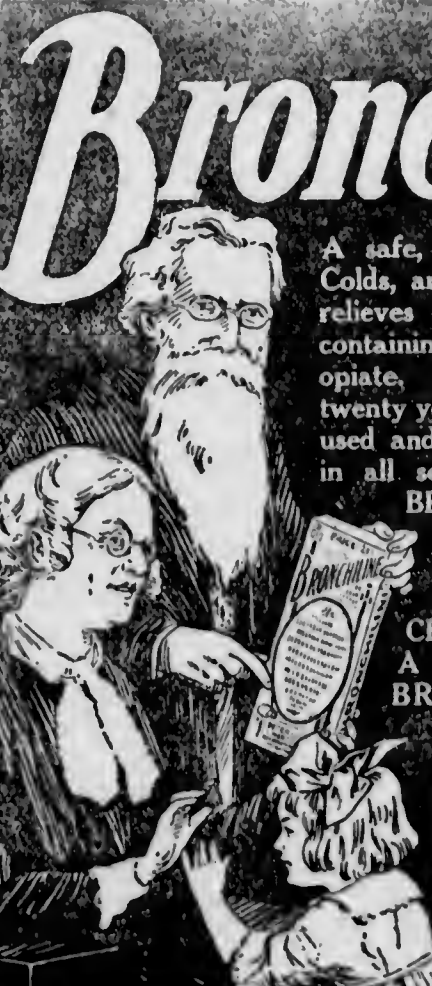
True to the prediction of his owners, Orange Key, the 2,000 pound 2 year old bull of W. R. Moorman & Son, of Glen Dean, won the grand championship for bulls of all ages. A big 2,600 pound bull recently purchased by the Moormans and the only one of the herd not bred in Kentucky also took a first.

The Moormans and A. L. and B. Edwards, of Versailles, won all of the prizes. The former took thirty-one blue ribbons, eleven reds and one

THE OLD RELIABLE BRECKINRIDGE BANK Cloverport, Ky. Organized 1872 UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY SOLID AS A ROCK FOR 40 YEARS

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3 Per Cent on Time Deposits



Bronchiline

A safe, pleasant remedy for Coughs, Colds, and all Bronchial affections. It relieves congestion and soothes without containing anything in the nature of an opiate. Has been in use for more than twenty years, and in that time, has been used and endorsed by leading Physicians in all sections of the United States. BRONCHILINE is the ideal expectorant. We are not asking you to experiment with some new remedy. Call for BRONCHILINE and take no substitute. A trial will convince you that BRONCHILINE is the best. Keep a bottle in your home—two sizes 25 and 50 cents.

GIBSON & SON, Cloverport, Ky.
E. F. LYONS, McQuady, Ky.

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PETER-NEAT-RICHARDSON CO.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

RURAL TELEPHONES

Mr. Farmer, are you interested? If so, call on the manager of the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company and have him explain the special "Farmers Line" rate.

Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Co.
(Incorporated.)

Live In Nashville.

Dear Mr. Babbage: Enclosed find my check for one dollar for News one year. Please send this week's issue at once. Trust your family and all are well and happy. Can assure you the same of Mrs. Myer and myself. We

are now living in Nashville, Tenn., and very comfortably situated. Kindest regards to your family and best wishes to you, I am your friend, like A. Meyer, 1401 Ninth Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn.

P. S.—Send September 4 and 11 copies without fail. We have a fine crop of fried chickens in this country.

Subscribe Today! Now!

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS,

JNO. D. BABBAGE, Editor and Publisher

Issued Every Wednesday.

EIGHT PAGES.

CLOVERPORT, KY., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 18, 1912

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FOR REPRESENTATIVE
BEN JOHNSON

OPEN WINDOW SCHOOL

"An open window school" has been adopted at Montclair for delicate children and other schools are adopting the idea. One eastern grammar school has started an "open window class." The innovation would be great for every school room in Breckenridge county. Many school houses are poorly ventilated and the air is so stifling that to an outsider it is very offensive when he visits the school. Teachers and pupils often get so absorbed in their lessons, they forget that fresh air is more essential than books for health and happiness.

MEN'S STYLES.

The men must keep in style too. If you haven't gotten your new fall suit, you might be interested to know that quite a change has taken place in men's styles. The padded shoulder has been eliminated and there is a return to the simple, unaffected styles. In the new fall clothes there is neither padding at the shoulders nor in the fronts, nor too much imptitude at the hips. They are graceful styles, following the form naturally, and lending a negligee appearance to the figure which becomes it more than the upholstery of horse hair and wadding.

The International Congress of applied chemistry which met for the first time in the United States, concluded its technical business in New York last Thursday. The chemists summed up a year of big achievements and announced many important discoveries. Among them were the production of synthetic rubber for fireproof clothing to clothe factory workers, and the possibility of using sunlight as a substitute for coal. Using the energy of the sun would hurry up nature, would make cities without smokestacks and plants will be ministered by human industry as man will be able to hasten their fruit by a plan of using the concentrated rays of the sun. The scientists of the various countries are bringing about marvelous discoveries from the fact that necessity is the mother of invention. With no coal to burn, we must pipe the sun's rays.

Speaking of the cost of bad roads, a writer says it costs the farmer in the United States 25 cents per ton per mile for hauling their products by wagons. In France and England the cost is only 10 cents per ton per mile. For wagon transportation alone the people in the United States pay more than eight hundred million dollars per year. It is evident, says the authority, that if this nation gave the same heed to roadways that the European governments do, the vast sum which is really a tax upon agriculture and commerce, would be reduced, at least, half, and that within a comparatively short time, the money thus earned, would be sufficient to establish a splendid system of roads across the breadth and length of the continent.

The Rev. Mr. E. O. Cottrell, pastor of the Baptist church, of this city, is a former newspaper man, and nearly every week an interesting article appears in The Breckenridge News from his pen. The members of his flock should be grateful for his appreciation of the columns of the press. He takes advantage of all the space that can be allotted him and does it most creditably. Rev. Cottrell is a great believer in printer's ink and uses it in his profession as much as a man in commercial enterprises.

Commander Eva Booth, of The Salvation Army, has returned from London and states that a memorial to General William Booth in the shape of an institution for training nurses and settlement workers will be established in this country. An institution for training the heart to love and forgive and forget would be the most befitting memorial to the great man if such an institution could be established.

Thursday was the Jewish New Year of 5673 marking the age of the world according to the Hebrew tradition. The beginning of the Jew's New Year is supposed to be a period of repentance and expiation instead of making new resolutions. They will be engaged in praying and repenting until Saturday, September 21, the Day of Atonement, the most solemn of the year to a pious Jew.

Many of the seventy-five thousand roses that Col. Roosevelt tread on in Portland, Ore., were picked up for souvenirs because the Colonel had put his foot on them. Give him a chance and he will put his foot on a good many things—that Uncle Sam will not want to keep as souvenirs.

L. H. & St. L. passenger trains carry more passengers into and out of the Tenth Street depot than any others terminating there. The Henderson Route is the shortest way to St. Louis from Louisville; this and its excellent service makes it the most popular road.

Two million dollars have been spent this year by the various po-

litical parties for campaign badges, pins and buttons. The button fad is here again. Sixty million dollars for advertising buttons since last January.

Master Mechanic J. B. Randall reports nearly 200 men busy at the shops. He says plans are on foot for big improvements at the shops in the near future.

There are a thousand Democrats in this county who are able and ought to contribute something to the Democratic campaign fund.

William "Gus" Fisher is dead. He wrote the song "I Love to Tell the Story" which is a favorite among church workers.

Money in demand for moving crops—yes, we should like to have some to move our weeds.

Little Marion Behen says she lives in "Breckenridge News county".

One thing the trusts cannot control is the weather.

Maine didn't go "hell bent"

THE GERMANS AS BUSINESS TOURISTS

Germans Making Progress Faster Than Any Nation- The German A Business Man Through And Through--He Observes, Investigates And Estimates, Then Plans His Enterprise.

GERMANS BUSY EVERYWHERE

Only a few weeks ago a correspondent of The Sun, writing from Venice, called attention to the fact that the traveler encountered the German everywhere in Europe. Now comes former Mayor McClellan, filled with astonishment over the same fact. He declares that the Germans have plenty of money and that they are making progress faster than any other nation in Europe. All of which has long been patent to observant Americans traveling on the other side of the Atlantic.

The American error, however, lies in a general misunderstanding of German standards. The German tourist is profoundly interested in all that lies at the basis of a nation's greatness, artistic, literary or social. When he is in Italy he probes the records of that country's art life. When he is in France he seeks for the elements that have formed the present complicated structure of French humanity.

When the American sees the German tourist doing this sort of thing he puts the Teuton down as a mere tourist, a dreamer, a philosopher, mayhap even a poet. But he does not think of him as a business man. Yet as a matter of cold fact that is precisely what the German of to-day is. He is a business man through and through. In this country, if his methods were better known, he would be called an economist.

To be an economist is in the general opinion of Americans to be a theorizer, a college professor, or at worst a rampageous magazine writer. That is not the kind of economist the up do date German business man is. He travels everywhere, he observes everything, weighs everything, and estimates its activity in the life of the people. Then he goes home and plans his business relations with that people on the foundation of his understanding of it.

The German did not begin doing this sort of thing lately. He began it a long time ago. That is why certain American business men, seeking to open up new channels of trade in South America, found that the channels had already been cut and that they were entirely occupied by German commerce. A good many Americans who set out to begin trade with, let us say, Turkey or Bulgaria, will meet with the same sort of a surprise. The German tourists are indeed numerous. They overrun all Europe. But most of them are German business men, and they are spying out the lands—New York Sun.

The Correct Position.

A Jamesport applicant for a county school was being questioned by those in authority there. "And what is your position with regard to whipping children?" one member asked. "My usual position," she replied, "is on the chair with the child across my knees, face downward."—Linneus Bulletin.

Unfair To Mr. Taft.

From The Atlanta Constitution.

Acrimony and recrimination and invective seem more or less inseparable from the three cornered presidential campaign the country is now undergoing, but it does appear that there should be some limits.

For instance in an address recently delivered in Columbus, Ohio, Governor Johnson, of California, vice presidential candidate on the ticket of the national progressive party, declared that, "It is with shame as an American citizen that I say that today the most humiliating character in all American history is the president of the United States."

Governor Johnson is a man of many excellent qualities and undoubtedly achievements. He has wrought well in his own state for advancement and decent government.

But the sort of criticism he leveled at Mr. Taft were much better left unsaid, not only because it is undignified as pertaining to the office, but grossly exaggerated as it pertains to the man now occupying it.

We hold no brief, personal or partisan, for Mr. Taft save as we recognize in him a broad and courageous American who has here and there made mistakes at the instigation of ill-advised or malicious counselors. In that respect he is by no means singular. But to hold him up as the "most humiliating character in all American history," is to utter a rasping and unfounded generalization which will find little sympathy with lovers of fair play in this country. The annals of America are tolerably well filled with undesirable characters, as is the case with the history of all large and strenuous countries. To set up a comparison between many men of this type that will recur to the average citizen and the honorable and upright man who is now president of the nation is to perpetrate a grotesque injustice.

Unless Governor Johnson is more temperate in his figures of speech he will find he is losing rather than gaining friends for the cause he represents.

JUST ONE POLICEMAN

In Iceland. Not An Illiterate Person On The Island And There Are 75,000 People. No Whisky The Secret

Iceland has no jails, no penitentiary; there is no court and only one policeman. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is made on the island. Its 78,000 people are total abstainers, since they will not permit any liquor to be imported.

There is not an illiterate person on the island, nor a child 10 years old unable to read; the system of public schools is practically perfect. Much of the improvement is due to the abolition of the liquor traffic and prohibition of all alcoholic beverages in this compact little island of the north.

Mr. Lewis Here

J. H. Lewis, of Riverton, Ill., was to visit his father, J. J. Lewis, of Glen Dean, and came to Cloverport to visit his father-in-law, Uncle Wat Jarboe. Mr. Lewis is manager of the Bell Telephone Company at Riverton. He said Mrs. Lewis told him to be sure to stop at Cloverport and subscribe for The Breckenridge News. Like all wise men, he did what she told him.

FARM FOR SALE

147 Acres Under Cultivation. Good Stock Barn

Good hill land; orchard; fine tobacco land; well watered for stock; one-half under cultivation; 1 mile from river; 2 1/2 miles to station; good two-story house, 6 rooms. 45x45 tobacco barn. \$40 to 50 bushels of corn or 1200 to 1400 pounds of dark tobacco or 1,000 pounds of Burley can be raised to an acre.

For further information address

WATLINGTON BROS., : Stephensport, Ky.

Statement of the Condition of the FIRST STATE BANK

Irvington, Ky.

at the close of business September 4, 1912

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts\$61,981 49	Capital Stock.....\$15,000 00
Due from Banks.....12,980 53	Surplus.....1,354 42
Cash in Safe.....2,593 67	Undivided Profits.....292 07
Overdrafts.....1,253 22	Deposits.....67,832 23
Banking House and Lot.....4,000 00	
Furniture and Fixtures.....7,669 81	
	\$84,478 72

Asking attention to the above statement, we respectfully invite your account. Interest paid on time deposits. Respectfully,

J. C. PAYNE, Cashier

Marion Weatherholt General Contractor

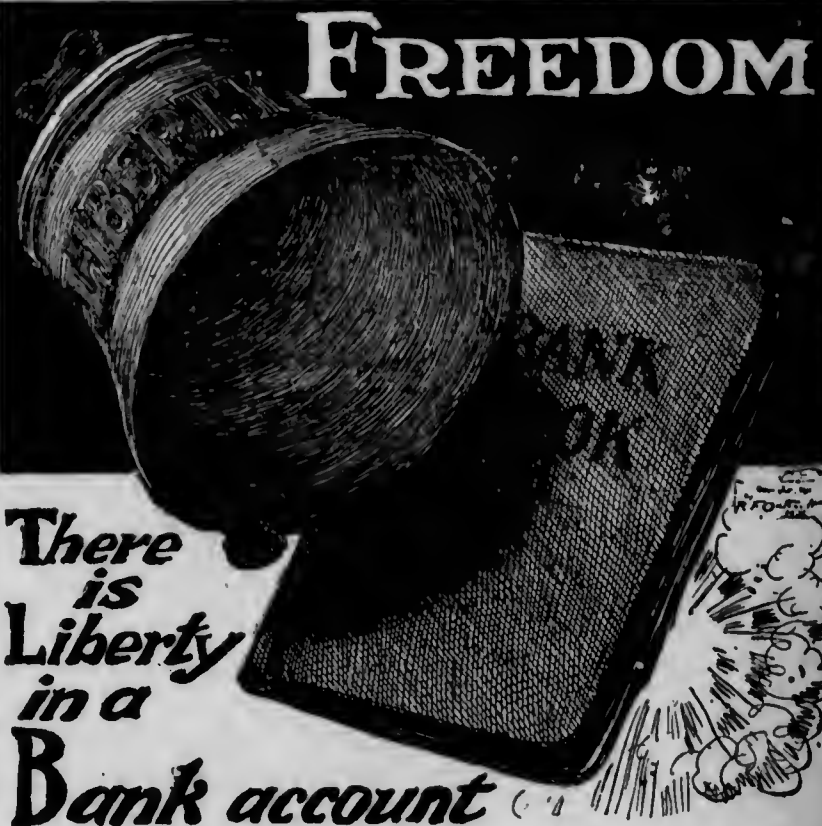
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All Kinds of Planing Mill Work to Order

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There is Liberty in a Bank account

Ring off extravagance; ring in economy. Then you will find FREEDOM. The man is not a free man who is worried by debt or fear of the future. Are YOU one of this kind? Bank your money and be independent. We offer YOU the services and safety of OUR bank.

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"Total Resources, Including Trust Investments \$600,000 00"

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First-class Finishing and Enlarging.

A Complete Stock of Photo Supplies

Special Attention Given to Mail Orders

Mail ALL orders to

BRABANDT'S STUDIO

Cloverport, Ky.

A Good Excuse.

It was on the sleeping car. "Say, mister," said the man in the upper berth to the occupant in the lower, "quit that music, will you? What do you think this is, a concert hall? The rest of us want to sleep."

It was then that he was hit with a Pullman pillow, remaining unconscious for seven hours.—Harper's Weekly.

Way He Would Bet

Judge Fox says if he were a betting man, these are two bets he would make with a Bull Moose: one that Wilson carry Stephensport; the other that will beat Roosevelt.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 18, 1912

THIS PAPER REPRESENTED FOR FOREIGN ADVERTISING BY THE

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LOCAL BREVITIES

Miss Pearl Hall spent Sunday at Holt.
 Paul Lewis went to Hardinsburg yesterday.

Rev. and Mrs. Nelson spent Sunday in Holt.

Miss Evelyn Hicks was in Louisville last week.

Chadwick McCracken was in Louisville last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sahle were in Hardinsburg Monday.

Miss Annie Raitt has a large size private school this year.

Misses Alma and Bertha Perkins attended the Fair last week.

Misses Margaret and Isabel Burns went to Louisville Monday.

Mrs. Ira Behen and Miss Eva Plank spent Monday in Louisville.

Marion M. Denton has been ill several days at the Burn's Home.

Miss Etta Walls, of Hardinsburg, is the guest of Miss Pearl Hall.

T. F. Sawyer and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sawyer visited the State Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Daugherty have returned home from Louisville.

Forrest Freeman and Miss Carrie Lee Tucker spent Saturday at the Fair.

Miss Cleona Weatherholt spent Tuesday in Louisville with Miss Heyser.

Miss Michal Miller, of Owensboro, spent Sunday with Mrs. E. O. Cottrell.

Miss Susette Sawyer has opened a kindergarten at her home on the East Side.

A large load of shells came in from Derby last week for the Button Factory.

Mrs. Ed. McAfee, of Irvington, was the guest of Mrs. Henry Yeager Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Downard and baby of Lewisport, went to West Point, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Penner and children visited relatives in Henderson Sunday.

Miss Zelma Strother, of Big Spring has been the guest of Mrs. Farnsley in Louisville.

Amiel Pate, of Louisville, spent Sunday here the guest of Miss Beatrice McCracken.

If you have new millinery goods, let the people know it through the Breckenridge News.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Pierce visited Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Pierce at Linda Vista, Ind., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cashman, of Union Star, visited relatives in Louisville last week.

Don't Forget When INSURING

that you can be robbed as well as your property burnt up. Protect yourself and your business with one of our policies. We write all form of Burglar Insurance.

Fire, Tornado, Plate Glass, Fidelity Bonds

Deeds, Mortgages and other Legal Papers written and all forms of acknowledgements taken.

Marion Weatherholt

Cloverport, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cordrey and son, John Briggs Cordrey, visited in Louisville last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Perkins and Miss Virginia Harris attended the State Fair Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davis and children, of Louisville, spent Sunday here with relatives.

Marcus Miller and Robert Mattingly were guests of friends in Cannelton Thursday evening.

"Charge it" is Irving Bicheller's new book. He is the author of "Keeping Up With Lizzie."

Mr. Fitchiner and Mr. Weber, of Louisville, were guests of Miss James and Miss Moorman Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Perry and daughter, Miss Annie Murray Perry, have been ill of malaria fever two weeks.

Harry Weatherholt, of Bloomington, Ill., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Curt Weatherholt.

Miss Elizabeth Young Skillman, of Morganfield, has returned to Belmont College in Nashville, Tenn.

G. A. Wright and J. William Ditto, of Hardinsburg were day and night watchmen at the State Fair.

Ernest C. Babbage, who is at Dr. Simons' Infirmary under treatment this week, is getting along nicely.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Babbage in Elm street is being extensively repaired and improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Selby McCracken and daughters, Misses Beatrice and Lillian, spent Saturday at the State Fair.

Subscribe for the Breckenridge News—it is good company, a friend in trouble and a pleasure to every home.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Keith and children, of Elizabethtown, are visiting their mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Keith.

Miss Kathrine Moorman entertained informally Friday evening in honor of Miss Nettie Belle James, of Louisville.

Brabant, photographer, will be at his studio in Hardinsburg Wednesday Thursday and Friday of next week.

Dwight Randall, Andrew Ashby, William White and Virgil A. Babbage represent Cloverport at Kentucky University this year.

Mrs. Laura A. Hayes has gone to Bardstown to spend the fall and winter with her son and daughter, Dr. Ray Boone and Mrs. Boone.

Mrs. Sallie Dean Bailey, of Glen Dean, attended the State Fair and spent a day with her niece, Mrs. Robert Crider, at Irvington.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Pate, of Hopkinsville, and Mrs. Stum, of Madisonville, were among the Breckenridge county visitors at the State Fair.

Mrs. Linnie Embry has returned here after spending the summer at Holt with friends, and is now the guest of Mrs. Nathaniel Tucker.

Ruth Pate said he had a splendid time in New Mexico. He came home with Mexican shoes and hats and is having great sport in them.

Mrs. John Burks and children, Eleanor and Stephens, of Louisville, have returned home after a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bowmer.

Miss Ray Lewis Heyser, assistant cashier of The Bank of Cloverport, left yesterday to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Heyser in Cincinnati two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Benton Ireland, of Skillman, attended the State Fair. Their children, Francis and Thomas, stayed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leon McGavock in this city.

Mrs. Hugh Barclay Donaldson, of Bowling Green, arrived Thursday evening for a short visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Jarboe. Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson will attend the State Fair at Nashville, Tenn., this week.

Additional Stephensport.

Mrs. P. D. Hawkins brought to town a cucumber that weighs four pounds, 13 inches long and 12½ inches around. It is on exhibition in G. W. Payne's show window.

Leonard Rudolph, of Louisville, was the guest of Jonnie Owen Hawkins Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Lelah B. Hawkins, who is teaching at Chenault, came home Friday night and returned Sunday afternoon.

Eli Brown is improving.

Foot Ball At Hardinsburg.

The Owensboro High School Foot Ball team will meet The Breckenridge County High School team on the Gridiron at Hardinsburg next Saturday, September 21st.

Irvington People Coming.

A number of the Sunday school teachers are planning to attend the Sunday School Institute, which will be in session in Cloverport the latter portion of this week.—Irvington Correspondent.

Big Bargain in a Farm!

261 Acres good land for \$1,250

This land lays on Tar Creek one mile west of Balltown. It grows good corn, tobacco, wheat and clover. Splendid for raising stock. 25 acres good bottom land, remainder hilly. It has good 4 room dwelling, new; veranda and porch; tobacco and feed barn. Reason for selling, moved to Louisville. This is one of the best farms in Breckenridge county for the price. For further particulars see Sam Matthews, Cabot, Ky. or

JOHN MATTHEWS, 925 Gross Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

The Company We Keep

The readers of The Breckenridge News are divided into two classes—those who read the paper and pay for it, and those who read the paper and are going to take it.

Our subscribers are made up of those who have stood by the Breckenridge News ever since it was first published and those who will stand by it someday sooner or later.

Meanwhile, a word or two about those in the first named category will not be out of place.

If we could with propriety throw open our books to the public, there is not a country newspaper in the middle west that could match our subscription list, either in number or character.

Among the delighted readers of The Breckenridge News are judges, lawyers, farmers, ministers, merchants, railroad executives, presidents of banks, school teachers, mechanics, politicians, doctors, professional women, mothers, children, musicians and live business institutions, church workers, social leaders—the class of people who subscribe for The Breckenridge News would open some publishers' eyes.

Now, what does all this mean but that the merit of The Breckenridge News is such that appeals to every man, no matter how meager or liberal his income, no matter how particular his tastes, no matter how exalted his station or profession? There is something that is different about The Breckenridge News from all the other country papers.

And since this holds good with the men who have subscribed for the paper for years and years, it follows that the man who does not take the paper can also find satisfaction in The Breckenridge News that is maximum and that he cannot afford to miss.

One year's subscription \$1;
 Six month's " .50;
 Three month's " .25;
 Order today for yourself or your friend.

JNO. D. BABBAGE
 Editor and Publisher
 Cloverport, Ky.

STATE FAIR

Attendance Surpassed That Of Last Year.—Members Of Board Are Well Pleased With Results For 1912.—Closed Saturday Night.

While the gates of the State Fair grounds are closed to visitors today a busy scene is presented, nevertheless, as a result of the presence of officers and employees who are busy disposing of odds and ends necessary to the final wind-up of the fair of 1912. President Newman, Secretary Dent and the other members of the board were enthusiastic today when asked concerning the success of the past week, and predicted bigger things for next year. The total attendance for the week was 98,430, as compared with a total of 89,101 in 1911, and 113,491 in 1910. The weather during the past week was ideal, and this, doubtless, was responsible for the big attendance on Wednesday and Thursday.—Louisville Monday Post.

Miss Young The Examiner

Miss Harriet D. Young, auditor's agent of Frankfort, has been at Hardinsburg for the past two weeks examining the assessors book and making a list of property not appearing on the assessor's record. Several parties have been notified.

Return From Oklahoma.

Irvington, Sept. 16.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Sam Rice, Miss Iva Rice and Master Alvin Rice returned Friday from a month's visit to relatives in Oklahoma and Ft. Scott, Kansas. In the latter place they were guests of the Rev. A. K. McGrew.

Wants.

For Rent—Farm
 FARM—4½ miles above Stephensport, 1100 dwelling and outbuildings. Address Mrs. W. Lowry Smith, 118 W. 4th St., Owensboro, Ky.

Wanted—White Girl
 WANTED—A white girl who can do general housework; room furnished; give references. Address Box 26, Hardinsburg, Ky.

For Sale
 FOR SALE—A 15 horse power stationary Gas Engine; Watkins make. In good repair.—Breckenridge News, Cloverport, Ky.

For Sale
 FOR SALE—Deeds, Mortgages and all kinds of legal blanks.—Breckenridge News, Cloverport, Ky.

Dr. W. B. TAYLOR

..Permanent..
 Dentist
 Cloverport, Kentucky

You Can Make One Friend That Will Not Turn!

You can be making a great friend every day—a friend that will see you thro every trouble—by building yourself a bank account in the Farmers Bank, Hardinsburg, Ky. And it is not only the money you have in this bank that will be an ever-present help, or the absolute security, but the conservative aid and counsel in financial matters that our bank always extends to its depositors. Bank here by mail as easily and safely as in person.

The Farmers Bank,
 Hardinsburg, Ky.

Butcher Shop

G. W. THOMPSON has opened up a first-class butcher shop in the Jolly Storehouse on main street, Irvington. Call and see him and get first-class meats.

G. W. THOMPSON, Irvington

or during the past week was ideal, and this, doubtless, was responsible for the big attendance on Wednesday and Thursday.—Louisville Monday Post.

FARMER BOYS

Visit Newspaper Plant—See The Evening Post And Home And Farm In The Process Of Making.

The publishing plants of the Evening Post and Home and Farm were inspected Friday by the 120 farmer boys who constitute the Farmer Boys' State Encampment at the Kentucky State Fair. They came on invitation from Mr. Richard W. Knott, editor of the Evening Post, and were brought up from the fair grounds on special cars. They visited every department of the two papers, under the chaperonage of David B. G. Rose, circulation manager of the Evening Post, and were delighted with the marvels of the composing and press rooms.

After their tour of inspection they were the guests of the Stewart Dry Goods Company, where they were treated to ice-cream sodas. Then they had their pictures taken in front of the offices of the Evening Post and Home and Farm, after which they returned to the State Fair grounds on chartered cars.—Louisville Post.

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WHERE YOUR ANKLES ARE IN the limelight — on the steps. Wear shapely, glossy

"BLACK CAT"

which has won the flattering distinction of being "America's Handsomest Hosiery."

Black Cat, the hosiery of vogue when your mother was a girl, has for thirty years led in the advancement toward hosiery perfection, and stands today, not only as hosiery of most exquisite beauty, but also as the best wearing and the most comfortable hosiery.

Why not have "Just as good hosiery as the millionaires"? Then buy Black Cat once for all—for yourself and for all the family. Come and let us show you

J. C. NOLTE & BRO.
 Cloverport, Ky.

TAX NOTICE!

To tax payers of Breckinridge county: I will be at the following places to collect taxes on the following dates:

Wednesday Sept. 18 Chenault
 Thursday " 19 Mooleyville
 Saturday " 21 Frymire

S. W. BASSETT, D. S. B. C.

Look Here! When You Want

Insurance!

Life Insurance, Sick and Accident Insurance, Fire and Tornado Insurance, Hail Insurance on Tobacco, all in old reliable companies.

Lowest Rates of any Company in America.

L. C. TAUL,

The Insurance Man, ::: Cloverport, Ky.

COX FARM FOR SALE

325 acres, good strong limestone land, on southwest border of Meade Co. Kentucky and midway between Irvington and Guston and within 250 yards of railroad; 225 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation; 100 acres of timber, principally white and red oak; large frame house in good repair and all necessary outbuildings including tenant and ice house. Large barn for stock and tobacco; orchard and plenty of small fruit; abundant supply of stock water; convenient to school and all kind of churches; good rock quarry on farm if developed. Advanced age and failing health prompts this offer:—the whole at \$25.00 per acre, 1/3 cash and time on the remainder, or would divide and sell in 3 separate tracts if parties agree, etc., quick possession given; title perfect. Address

JOHN COX or DR. P. W. FOOTE, ::: Irvington, Ky.

Now is The Time to Subscribe

The Case Book of a Private Detective

True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former
Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency

By DAVID CORNELL

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A MATTER OF INTUITION

How the Brundage Novelty Company
Robbery Was Uncovered

At one time in the history of detective work, possibly, the sole function of the detective was to detect crime and criminals. This still is the function for which official detectives, those employed by city, state or nation, exist. But in this day of hectic business competition there has grown to startling proportions another use for the private detective agency; and the ways and means in which the public is learning to use and misuse the service which any detective agency places at their beck and call for \$3 a day, often have little or nothing in common with the original purposes of the detective's profession.

Probably one half the business that comes to the private detective agency is "business, instead of crime. Firms hire private detectives to spy on a competitor; employers hire them to look up the conduct of employees after business hours. There are private detective agencies so unscrupulous that you can engage their operatives for almost any service, no matter how low. Then, again, there is the Burns Agency, of which I was an operative, which will not touch a piece of business that is not obviously and absolutely square. But even pursuing this policy, without wavering, they are at times led into weird and wonderful paths of business mazes; and the work often is no less thrilling than the pursuit of vicious criminals.

The Brundage Novelty Company case was one of the most interesting jobs of any kind that I ever tackled. On the first of September, 1910, our agency received a telephone call from the Knickerbocker Hotel. The call was: "Please pick out a man whom you know you can trust in every way and send him up here to room L 98."

The caller refused to give his name or to mention the purpose for which he wanted a detective.

"I'll explain all that satisfactorily to you after I have seen whether you have a man whom I consider capable of handling my business," was his answer to the office manager's request for more information.

"That's a queer one," muttered the manager, and he took the call in to the chief.

"Better send Cornell up there to see what it is," said the chief. "We won't touch it if it doesn't look good."

I at once took the subway to Times Square, and a few minutes later I knocked at room L 98. The door was opened by an old man of patriarchal appearance, one in whom the dreamer and the man of efficiency seemed strangely combined. He peered at me for possibly 30 seconds through the six inches of opening he had made.

"Come in," he said. After he had shut and locked the door he added: "You're from the Burns Agency, of course. Sit down."

I sat. The old man stood before me with his hands on his hips. Usually it is the detective who stands and scrutinizes and analyzes his client, but in this case the usual order was reversed.

"How old are you?" said the old man presently.

"Thirty-six," I replied.

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Children?"

"Three."

"Got a picture of your wife or any of the children with you?"

I looked at him and began to smile. "Now look here, sir," I said; "so far as I understand it, you sent for a detective—"

"Young man," said he, holding up his hand in great dignity, "do not be impatient, please. Please answer my questions. Call it humoring an old man, if you will. There is a reason. Now, again; have you a picture of your wife or children with you? Do you carry one?"

More out of curiosity to see what he was driving at than anything else, I replied that I did carry such a picture, and opening my watch showed him the tiny picture of my little family that was pasted on the inside of the case.

"Good," said he. "Do you carry any life insurance?"

"You old shark!" I said, laughing. "So that's what you got me up here for? Well, that's certainly a new dodge for an insurance agent."

"Young man, young man—don't, please," said he. "Answer my question, if you please."

"Yes," I said, "I do."

"Good!" Then he drew a chair up before me, and sat down, rubbing his hands.

"I must have a decent man, a fairly good man, a man I can believe in to handle this business," said he. "That is why I asked those apparently aimless questions. A married man is more dependable than a single one; a man who thinks a lot of his family is most dependable of all—for my purpose. And a man who thinks a lot of his family will often carry a picture around with him, and carry life insurance for their benefit. Now do you understand me? That is my way

of finding out if I want to trust a man."

"Well?" said I. "I believe I have been fortunate enough to find such a man at my first try. I believe I can trust you. My name is Ezra Brundage."

At first the name conveyed nothing to me.

"Inventor of the Brundage novelties," he continued, "and president of the Brundage Novelty Company, of Hoboken."

I placed him, then; I had seen his photograph in the advertisements of the Brundage novelties.

"What is it that you want me to do, Mr. Brundage?" I asked.

"I want you," said he, "to satisfy me that the Brundage Novelty Company is not being robbed."

Then he went on to explain. It seems that he had no definite reason for being suspicious. He said it was only his intuition that told him all was not right in the company. He said that a sense of wrong-doing on the part of someone in the office had impressed him several weeks before; that the impression had grown until he had begun to investigate, and though he could find no signs, he now was fully convinced that the company—and therefore himself—was being robbed.

"Intuition entirely, Mr. Cornell," he said. "But all my life I have listened to my intuition, even in my business dealings, and I find that it guards me better than anything else I know."

"Whom do you suspect?" I said bluntly.

"Mr. Cornell, I am in partnership with a young man named Gerber."

"And he's the man, is he?"

He bowed. "I am afraid so, though I dislike to say it. Mr. Gerber is a young man, and hitherto I have thought him the soul of honor—one whom it was a privilege and pleasure to associate with."

"And how do you think he's getting away with the loot?"

He thought it over for a few seconds and said slowly: "I do not know. That is what I want you to find out. He is our treasurer, and so has charge of all the finances of the firm."

"Well," said I, "are there any details you can give me? Any pointers?"

"None," he said. "But I have this suggestion to make; that you go to work in our office as a clerk where you will have opportunities for close observation."

"To watch you partner, Gerber?"

"To watch Mr. Gerber. I place the case in your hands; watch Mr. Gerber."

Back to the office I went to report to the chief.

"I thought you would find sort of a queer bird from the way he phoned," said the chief. "But business is business; he's retained us for the job, and your job is to watch Gerber. However, don't be so slow as to merely follow his suggestion about going to work in the office. Beat the old man to it; look up Gerber—after hours. You'll get more there, probably, than you would in the office."

Under these instructions I went over to Hoboken at once with another man to get a "spot" on Gerber, who was unknown to me. "Getting a spot" on a man in detective parlance signifies this process: one detective enters an office or place of business and asks for the man that is wanted. Meeting him, he makes some excuse and gets away. At the door of the place he waits for the man to come out. Across the street is another detective. When the man who is to be shadowed comes out the first detective signals to the man across the street in some unobtrusive way, and drops out. In this case Cluffer, the man who went with me, entered the offices of the Brundage Novelty Company and asked for Mr. Gerber. Having met him Cluffer merely applied for a position—and was turned down. When Gerber came out at 5 in the afternoon Cluffer, standing near the office entrance, took a paper from his pocket and began to read it—the signal we had agreed upon. Then Cluffer went back to New York, and I, whom Gerber had never seen, took up the trail. In this way all chance for suspicion on the part of the subject is eliminated.

For the next three days we "took him up in the morning and put him to bed at night." That is, from the moment when he left his house in the morning to when he retired for the night, Gerber never was out of sight of a detective.

By day, in the office, I had him under my eye, having gone to work there as a clerk. Outside of the office another man from the agency watched him, no matter where he went. Gerber didn't have a chance to make a move that wasn't reported on.

But nothing developed in this time, and I went to the chief and reported my belief that old Brundage was half cracked and that his suspicion was nothing more or less than a hallucination, a brainstorm, to put in bluntly.

"Well, don't let that worry you," said the good natured chief. "Brundage is paying the bill. He's good for it, and there's nothing more important

on hand for you just at present. And, say, Cornell, don't you fool yourself too much about that old fellow having a brainstorm. He's a pretty wise old bird. Any man who can invent the scores of little things that he's put on the market, and run a successful business at the same time, is no fool, let me tell you. The thing may develop into a freak case, but believe me, old Brundage has some real reason for incurring our bill."

The fifth day of the case a roughly dressed young man came in to see Gerber. Gerber took him into his private office and closed the door, so it was impossible for me to see or hear what went on between them. But the fact that such secrecy had been observed put me on my guard, and when the young fellow came out I managed to have something to do that brought me near to him. It seems ridiculous, possibly to the layman, to mention as the starting point in an exciting case a whiff of an odor, but such was the real starting point of the Brundage Novelty Company case from my standpoint.

I caught the odor of gasoline from this young man as he swept out of Gerber's private office.

Of course the thing meant nothing at the time. It suggested nothing. The only situation opened by it was this: Gerber had some dealings of a private nature with a young man who smelled of gasoline.

At the same time, it opened up another possible clue for us to work on, for in our previous investigation we had not found Gerber in any dealings with anybody who smelled of gasoline or who might have occasion to use that fluid. As our task was to investigate all angles of Gerber's career, with a view to finding something to substantiate old Brundage's indefinite suspicions, the young man with the gasoline odor promptly became an interesting factor.

Across the street was one of our men, waiting. When the gasoline man

on the young man who had been in to see Gerber.

"He's the engineer of a fifty foot gasoline launch, the Nadine, that is lying in the Hudson opposite Forty-second street," Dawson reported. "The boat's owner is said to be a Mr. Russell."

"Said to be?"

"Yes; because I hung around and wormed out a description of this 'Russell' from a lot of fellows hanging around the docks, and he comes pretty close to looking like Mr. Gerber, if these fellows were right."

Still, this meant nothing so far as any case was concerned. But when I made enquiries about the office to find out if Gerber went in for motor-boating, and found he had expressed himself as having an aversion to the water, the thing began to look as if there might be something in it. If the boat, The Nadine, belonged to Gerber, he was keeping it a secret; and if he had secrets they might be connected with Brundage's suspicions of something wrong in the firm.

Strange to say, as I continued to watch Gerber, I too, began to acquire a suspicious feeling toward him, just as the senior partner had done. There was no tangible reason why this should be so. His actions apparently were what they should be. But there was something wrong with the man. That is as well as I am able to explain it. He wasn't "right." I have felt this intuition—or "hunch," in detective parlance—several times in my career; and the experiences have convinced me that the detection of crime could be made an exact psychological science, that each and every guilty person carries about him certain signs—or possibly an aura—which distinguishes him from the normal being. For guilt of a crime of any sort, after all, is an abnormality.

Gerber, in his office, and in his life after business hours, apparently went along as an honest man in his position should. But the more I studied

and he makes me tell everybody that the boat is owned by a chap named Russell. Now, what would he be doing that for?—"

He shut up suddenly then, realizing in drunken fashion that he had gone too far.

After Dawson had made this report he went off the case, being called in to the New York office. For the next week, or until September 25th, I worked on Gerber in every way I knew how, without finding a thing. On the 25th he failed to show up at the office. A telephone call to his house elicited the fact that he had left at about midnight and had not returned.

I had a hunch on the instant, and calling a taxi drove to the place where the Nadine had been docked. The slip was empty; the boat was gone. From men around the docks I found that the boat had disappeared in the night without being seen, that nobody had known it was going, and that nobody knew where it had gone.

I went back to the office and told Brundage all I knew.

"Hm!" said he, and together we went to the safe. Brundage tried to open it, he and Gerber having had the combination together. He failed. For half an hour he tried, and then he gave up and telephoned for an expert from the safe company.

When the safe finally was opened the books were placed at once in the hands of an expert accountant. He found the discrepancy within half an hour.

"It is one of the clumsiest cases of juggling I ever saw," he said. "As near as I can tell on this short examination, the cash is \$15,000 short. Apparently it has been short for a long time, because I see that the juggling of figures has been going on for months."

"Hm," said Brundage. "For months, eh? I was slow. Mr. Cornell, your task is simplified now; you have only to find Mr. Gerber."

Yes, that was all, but that was



"When he turned away from the window I was standing before him."

left the building I gave Dawson the signal to follow him. My man picked up the trail like a hound, and well satisfied that the mysterious young man would be followed to his destination, I turned back to my pretended occupation.

Mind, all this work was being done without any sane or definite reason for doing it. We didn't know whether Gerber was guilty of anything, or if he was guilty, of what it might be. We were working for Brundage, who had a suspicion, and so long as he paid the bill, and we had nothing more important to do, we would continue on the job.

I suggested to Mr. Brundage that he examine the books of the company for indications of anything wrong.

"I had thought of that long ago," said he. "But Mr. Gerber has all the books in his personal charge. He locks them up every evening. To secure them for an investigation it would be necessary to make a demand upon Mr. Gerber, and this naturally would arouse his suspicion. No. We will go on as we have begun. I am satisfied. If anything is wrong it will be shown, for Mr. Gerber is not permitted to remove the books from this office."

That evening I got Dawson's report

him the more I began to agree with Brundage that it was time he was investigated.

I put Dawson to work on the young engineer. Dawson rented a little motor boat, got permission to tie it up beside the fifty-footer in the young man's charge, and began to overhaul his engine, as if preparing for a cruise. This gave him an opportunity to borrow wrenches and oils from the larger boat, to buy drinks and cigars to pay for the favors, and so to strike up a close acquaintance with the man he was after.

Had that young man been strictly temperate it is doubtful if the Brundage Novelty Company case ever would have become a credit to the Burns Agency. Dawson plied him steadily with liquid refreshment in the saloons along the water front, and the young man began to talk about his employer.

"He's a queer crab," said the engineer. "He makes me keep this boat in running order day and night—makes me stay by it ready to repaint it at a minute's notice. Now what in the devil would a man want to have his boat repainted so suddenly for?"

"I couldn't guess," said Dawson.

"Then again," went on the intemperate engineer, "his name is Gerber

plenty. Here is how we laid down our theory of the situation: Gerber had gone away in the Nadine. He had probably had the boat repainted, renamed, and otherwise altered before leaving. He had left no sign of his route or destination. Our task was to comb the Hudson river up and down and pick out Gerber in his probably altered boat.

Dawson came over on the jump from the office.

"I sized the Nadine up carefully," said he. "I think I will know her even under a different name and different paint."

"Get the fastest boat for hire on the river," said Brundage. "Follow him and bring him back."

We got the Puritan, a semi-racer with a small cabin. Two hours after the discrepancy in Gerber's books had been found, Dawson and I were chugging up the Jersey side of the Hudson 20 miles an hour, with our eyes on the lookout for a launch that might be the Nadine. At the same time we notified all police chiefs of the towns along the river to be on the lookout for such a boat and for Gerber and his engineer. Four days of this sort of work, coupled with the efforts of the various police departments, showed us that no boat of this

description was on the Hudson. The Nadine had disappeared.

I went back to the slip in Hoboken and began to work among the hangars on along the docks. The Nadine had been under their eyes constantly and finally one of them let drop the remark that put me on the scent.

"Wherever she went, she didn't go far," said this man. "They didn't have gasoline in her enough to run five miles, and there was no chance to get any when they slipped out at night."

If this was true the Nadine must have put in at some nearby dock to purchase gasoline if she intended to make a long trip. So far as we could find, she had not done this. There was a chance that the boat still was in the vicinity.

Working on this chance we began to search the nearby boatyards. On the second day we found her. She was up high and dry, having her keel repaired, under the name of the Gull.

But for the waterman who had observed the depletion of her fuel supply the boat might have lain there till it rotted before we noticed it, for the work of disguising her had been well done, and a boat on the blocks in dry-dock is of different appearance than a boat in the water.

I was forced to smile in admiration of Gerber when I found the Nadine. He had fooled us, and fooled us artistically. We had thought it a certain thing that he had flown away up or down the river. He had worked artistically to this end. But he had done nothing of the sort. All he had done—as I discovered—when I located the engineer—was to telephone the latter to take the Nadine out at night and lay her up for repairs in the boatyard. Then he, Gerber, had flitted elsewhere, leaving us to chase away on his false, wintery tracks. It was well done. It was better done than most crooked pieces of work. But like all crooks he had not stopped to consider the absolute certainty of being caught when there is plenty of money willing to be spent to effect a capture.

"Get him," directed Brundage. "I don't care how high the bills run; get that man."

After that it was only a question of time.

How is the net woven with such certainty around the hiding criminal? In Gerber's case, ten days after his defalcation was discovered, 10,000 circulars, containing his description and history and two cuts of him, were in the hands of as many trained men in all parts of the country. A thousand men, in all the large ports of the world, had these circulars three weeks later.

Gerber was not caught, however, until after three months had elapsed. Then one of his intimate friends—whom I was watching as the first person Gerber would be likely to communicate with—received a letter postmarked New Orleans, and addressed in a disguised hand. I had possession of the letter before the friend ever saw it—through a secret arrangement with the postal authorities. I opened it—and it was from Gerber. Copying the letter, word by word, I sealed it again, and sent it along to its destination. But before he ever received the letter I was on my way to New Orleans. I went straight to the general delivery window at the post office and waited. Gerber had directed his mail to be sent there. I got him that night. He came in with his hat over his eyes, and asked for a letter. When he turned away from the window I was standing before him.

"Hello, Gerber," I said. "I came down to bring you back to Hoboken."

He stood dumb for ten seconds. Then he blurted: "How in—did you ever do it? Haven't been out of my room in daylight since I came here."

"Oh, well," I said, "you come back like a nice boy and I'll tell you all about it on the train."

Brundage didn't prosecute Gerber. He said, "Fifteen thousand dollars is a big sum to lose. But it would be harder for me had I lost faith in my sense of intuition."

The Captain of His Soul.

Nearly blind, partly paralyzed and wholly helpless, Gen. Homer Lea, recently in command of the victorious Chinese revolutionary army, is reported to be returning to the United States. His ailments are not of recent origin. As a young man Homer Lea was frail and undersized.

Those who saw this lad a few years ago drilling companies of Chinese with broomsticks for rifles only laughed at the grotesque sight. But he refused to recognize his limitations. The driving force within him urged him on and made up for all deficiencies. So through the force of an indomitable personality he conquered more of life than is usually given to even the brilliantly endowed man of fine physique.

Stone walls do not prison make, nor iron bars a cage. Neither does physical frailty bar a person from achievement. Milton did his greatest work after he had become blind. Beethoven was deaf when he wrote the famous Ninth Symphony. Spencer did his work in spite of chronic invalidism. Stevenson wrote under sentence of exile to the South seas. The deaf, dumb and blind Helen Keller has made her life count.

Henley was right. A man is the master of his fate and the captain of his soul—if he will only take command.

Going Up.

"Would you vote for a man who offered you money?"

"I should say not," replied the shifty member of the legislature. "The days for that kind of transaction are past. A man who wants to clinch an influence has got to have a good business and slip me an interest in it."

EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Produced By Henry W. Savage

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

Wolves in the Fold.

Mallory's heart sank to its usual depth, but Marjorie had another of her inspirations. She started every body by suddenly beckoning and calling: "Excuse me, Mr. Robber. Come here, please."

The curious gallant edged her way, keeping a sharp watch along the line: "What do you want?"

Marjorie leaned nearer, and spoke in a low tone with an amiable smile: "That lady who wanted to kiss you has a harelip on her sleeve."

The robber stared across his mink, and wondered, but laughed, and grinned: "Much obliged." Then he went back, and tapped Kathleen on the shoulder. When she turned round, in the hope that he had reconsidered his refusal to make the trade, he infuriated her by growling: "Excuse me, miss, I overlooked a bet."

He ran his hand along her arm, and found her bracelet, and accomplished what Mallory had failed in, its removal.

"Don't, don't," cried Kathleen, "it's wished on."

"I wish it off," the villain laughed, and it joined the growing heap in the feed-bag.

Kathleen, doubly enraged, broke out viciously: "You're a common, sneaking—"

"Ah, turn round!" the man roared, and she obeyed in silence.

Then he explored Mrs. Whitcomb, but with such small reward that he said: "Say, you'd oughter have a pocketbook somewhere. Where's it at?"

Mrs. Whitcomb blushed furiously: "None of your business, you low brute."

"Perdoce, madame," the scoundrel snorted, "perdoce the purse, or I'll hunt for it myself."

Mrs. Whitcomb turned away, and after some management of her skirts, slapped her handbag into the eager palm with a wrathful: "You're no gentleman, sir!"

"If I was, I'd be in Wall street," he laughed. "Now you can turn round." And when she turned, he saw a bit of chain depending from her back hair. He tugged, and brought away the locket, and then proceeded to sound Ashton for hidden wealth.

And now Mrs. Temple began to sob, as she parried with an old-fashioned brooch and two old-fashioned rings that had been her little vanities for the quarter of a century and more. The old clergyman could have wept with her at the vandalism. He turned on the wretch with a heart sick appeal:

"Can't you spare those? Didn't you ever have a mother?"

The robber started, his fierce eyes softened, his voice choked, and he gulped hard as he drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Aw, hell," he whimpered, "that ain't fair. If you're goin' to remind me of my poor old momo-mother—"

But the one called Jake—the Claude Duval who had been prevented from a display of human sentiment, did not intend to be cheated. He stridently: "Stop it, Bill. You tend strictly to business, or I'll blow your mush-bowl off. You know your Maw died before you was born."

This reminder sobered the weeping thief at once, and he went back to work ruthlessly. "Oh, all right, Jake. Sorry, m'am, but business is business." And he dumped Mrs. Temple's trinkets into the satchel. It was too much for the little old lady's little old husband. He fairly shrieked:

"Young man, you're a damned scoundrel, and the best argument I ever saw for hell-fire!"

Mrs. Temple's grief changed to horror at such a bolt from the blue: "Walter!" she gasped, "such language!"

But her husband answered in self-defense: "Even a minister has a right to swear once in his lifetime."

Mallory almost dropped in his tracks, and Marjorie keeled over on him, as he gasped: "Good Lord, Dr. Temple, you're a—"

"Yes, my boy," the old man confessed, glad that the robbers had relieved him of his guilty secret along with the rest of his private properties. Mallory looked at the collapsing Marjorie and groaned: "And he was in the next berth all this time!"

The unmasking of the old fraud made a second sensation. Mrs. Fosdick called from far down the aisle: "Dr. Temple, you're not a detective?"

Mrs. Temple shouted back furiously: "How dare you?"

But Mrs. Fosdick was crying to her eyes: "Oh, Arthur, he's a—"

And they embraced, while the robbers looked on aghast at the sudden oblation they had fallen into. They focussed the attention on themselves again, however, with a ferocious: "Here, hands up!" But they did not see Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick steal a kiss behind their upraised arms, for they were like a boaring eagle, a

Saved!

"I refused to be operated on, the morning I heard about Cardui," writes Mrs. Elmer Sickler, of Terre Haute, Ind. "I tried Cardui, and it helped me greatly. Now, I do my own washing and ironing."

E 63

Take

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Cardui is a mild, tonic remedy, purely vegetable, and acts in a natural manner on the delicate, womanly constitution, building up strength, and toning up the nerves. In the past 50 years, Cardui has helped more than a million women. You are urged to try it, because we are sure that it will do you good.

At all drug stores.

gloating over his well-filled wallet.

Mallory saw it go with fortitude, but noting a piece of legal paper, he said: "Say, old man, you don't want that marriage license, do you?"

The robber handled it as if it were hot—as if he had burned his fingers on some such document once before, and he stuffed it back in Mallory's pocket. "I should say not. Keep it. Turn round."

Meanwhile the other felon turned up another beautiful pile of bills in Dr. Temple's pocket. "Not so worse for a parson," he grinned. "You must be one of them Fifth Avenue sky-shafters."

And now Mrs. Temple's gentle eyes and voice filled with tears again: "Oh, don't take that. That's the money for your vacation—after thirty long years. Please don't take that."

Her appeals seemed always to find the tender spot of this robber's heart, for he hesitated, and called out: "Shall we overlook the parson's wad, podner?"

"Take it, and shut up, you molly-coddle!" was the answer he got, and the vacation funds joined the old gew-gaws.

And now everybody had been robbed but Marjorie. She happened to be at the center of the line, and both men reached her at the same time: "I seen her first," the first one shouted.

"You did not," the other roared. "I tell you I did."

"I tell you I did." They glared threateningly at each other, and their revolvers seemed to meet, like two game cocks, beak to beak.

The porter voiced the general hope, when he sighed: "Oh, Lawd, if they'd only shoot each other."

This brought the rivals to their evil senses, and they swept the line with those terrifying muzzles and that heart-stopping yelp: "Hands up!"

Bill said: "You take the east side of her, and I'll take the west."

"All right."

And they began to snatch away her side-combs, the little gold chain at her throat, the jeweled pin that Mallory had given her as the first token of his love.

The young soldier had foreseen this. He had foreseen the wild rage that would unseat his reason when he saw the dirty hands of thieves laid rudely on the sacred body of his beloved. But his soldier-schooling had drilled him to govern his impulses, to play the coward when there was no hope of successful battle, and to strike only when the moment was ripe with perfect opportunity.

He had kept telling himself that when the finger of one of these men touched so much as Marjorie's hem, he would be forced to fling himself on the profane miscreant. And he kept telling himself that the moment he did this, the other man would calmly blow a hole through him, and drop him at Marjorie's feet, while the other passengers shrank away in terror.

He told himself that, while it might be a fine impulse to leap to her defense, it was a fool impulse to leap off a precipice and leave Marjorie alone among strangers, with a dead man and a scandal, as the only rewards for his impulse. He vowed that he would hold himself in check, and let the robbers take everything, leaving him only the name of coward, provided they left him also the power to defend Marjorie better at another time.

And now that he saw the clumsy-handed thugs rifling his sweetheart's jewelry, he felt all that he had foreseen, and his head fought almost in vain against the white fire of his heart. Between them he trembled like a leaf, and the sweat globed on his forehead.

The worst of it was the shivering terror of Marjorie, and the pitiful eyes she turned on him. But he clenched his teeth and waited, thinking ferociously: "I should like to swear just once more."

Then he reached up and disarmed the man who had taken his wallet and his wife's keepsakes.

American children breathe in this desperate romance with their earliest traditions, and Dr. Temple felt all his

chance to swoop.

But the robbers kept glancing this way and that, and one motion would mean death. They themselves were so overwrought with their own ordeal and its immediate conclusion, that they would have killed anybody. Mallory shifted his foot cautiously, and lastly a gun was jabbed into his stomach, with a snarl: "Don't you move!"

"Who's moving?" Mallory answered, with a poor imitation of a careless laugh.

And now the man called Bill had reached Marjorie's right hand. He choked: "Golly, look at the shiners." But Jake, who had chosen Marjorie's left hand, roared:

"Say, you cheated. All I get is this measly plain gold band."

"Oh, don't take that!" Marjorie gasped, clenching her hand.

Mallory's heart ached at the thought of this final sacrilege. He had the license, and the minister at last—and now the fends were going to carry off the wedding ring. He controlled himself with a desperate effort, and stooped to plead: "Say, old man, don't take that. That's not fair."

"Shut up, both of you," Jake growled, and jabbed him again with the gun.

He gave the ring a jerk, but Marjorie, in the very face of the weapon, would not let go. She struggled and tugged, weeping and imploring: "Oh, don't, don't take that! It's my wedding ring."

"Agh, what do I care!" the ruffian snarled, and wrenched her finger so viciously that she gave a little cry of pain.

That broke Mallory's heart. With a wild, bellowing, "Damn you!" he hurled himself at the man, with only his bare hands for weapons.

CHAPTER XL.

A Hero in Spite of Himself.

Passion sent Mallory into the unequal fight with two armed and desperate outlaws. But reason had planned the way. He had been studying the robber all the time, as if the villain were a war-map, studying his gestures, his way of turning, and how he held the revolver. He had noted that the man, as he frisked the passengers, did not keep his finger on the trigger, but on the guard.

Marjorie's little battle threw the desperado off his balance a trifle; as he recovered, Mallory struck him, and swept him on over against the back of a seat. At the same instant, Mallory's right hand went like lightning to the trigger guard, and gripped the fingers in a vise of steel, while he drove the man's elbow back against his side. Mallory's left hand meanwhile flung around his enemy's neck, and gave him a spinning fall that sent his left hand out for balance. It fell across the back of the seat, and Mallory pinioned it with elbow and knee before it could escape.

All in the same crowded moment, his left knuckles jolted the man's chin in the air, and so bewildered him that his muscles relaxed enough for Mallory's right fingers to squirm their way to the trigger, and aim the gun at the other robber, and finally to get entire control of it.

The thing had happened in such a flash that the second outlaw could hardly believe his eyes. The shriek of the misadvised passengers, and the grunt of Mallory's prisoner, as he crashed backward, woke him to the need for action. He caught his other gun from its holster, and made for a double volley, but there was nothing to aim at. Mallory was crouched in the seat, and almost perfectly covered by a human shield.

Still, from force of habit and fool-hardy pluck, Bill aimed at Mallory's right eyebrow, just above Jake's right ear, and shouted his old motto:

"Hands up! you!"

"Hands up yourself!" answered Mallory, and his victim, shuddering at the fierce look in his comrade's eyes, gasped: "For God's sake, don't shoot, Bill!"

Even then the fellow stood his ground, and debated the issue, till Mallory threw such ringing determination into one last: "Hands up, or by God, I'll fire!" that he caved in, lifted his fingers from the trigger, turned the guns up, and slowly raised both hands above his head.

A profound "Ah!" of relief sighed through the car, and Mallory, still keeping his eye on Bill, got down cautiously from the seat. The moment he released Jake's left hand, it darted to the holster where his second gun was waiting. But before he could clutch the butt of it, Mallory jabbed the muzzle of his own revolver in the man's back, and growled: "Put 'em up!"

And the robber's left hand joined the right in air, while Mallory's left hand lifted the revolver.

Mallory stood for a moment, breathing hard and a little incredulous at his own swift, sweet triumph. Then he made an effort to speak as if this sort of thing were quite common with him, as if he overpowered a pair of outlaws every morning before breakfast, but his voice cracked as he said, in a drawing-room tone:

"Dr. Temple, would you mind relieving that man of those guns?"

Dr. Temple was so set up by this distinction that he answered: "Not by a—"

"Walter!" Mrs. Temple checked him, before he could utter the beautiful word, and Dr. Temple looked at her almost reproachfully, as he sighed: "Golly, I should like to swear just once more."

Then he reached up and disarmed the man who had taken his wallet and his wife's keepsakes.

American children breathe in this desperate romance with their earliest traditions, and Dr. Temple felt all his

boyhood zeal surge back with a boy's tremendous rapture in a deed of derring-do. And now nothing could check his swaggle, as he said to Mallory:

"What shall we do with these damned sinners?"

He felt like apologizing for the clerical relapse into a pulpism, but Mallory answered briskly: "We'd better take them into the smoking room. They scare the ladies. But first, will the conductor take those bags and distribute the contents to their rightful owners?"

The conductor was proud to act as lieutenant to this lieutenant, and he quickly relieved the robbers of their loot-kits.

Mallory smiled. "Don't give anybody my things," and then he jabbed his robber with one of the revolvers, and commanded: "Forward, march!"

The little triumphal procession moved off, with Bill in the lead, followed by Dr. Temple, looking like a whole field battery, followed by Jake, followed by Mallory, followed by the porter and as many of the other passengers as could crowd into the smoking room.

The rest went after those opulent feed-bags.

CHAPTER XLI.

Clickety-Clickety-Clickety.

Marjorie, as the supposed wife of the rescuing angel, was permitted first search, and the first thing she hunted for was a certain gold bracelet that was none of hers. She found it and seized it with a prayer of thanks, and concealed it among her own things.

Mrs. Temple gave her a guilty start, by speaking across a barrier:

"Mrs. Mallory, your husband is the bravest man on earth."

"Oh, I know he is," Marjorie beamed, and added with a spasm of conscience: "but he isn't my husband!"

Mrs. Temple gasped in horror, but Marjorie dragged her close, and poured out the whole story, while the other passengers recovered their properties with as much joy as if they were all new gifts found on a bush.

Meanwhile, under Mallory's guidance, the porter fastened the outlaws together back to back with the straps of their own feed-bags. The porter was rejoicing that his harvest of tips was not blighted after all.

Mallory completed his bliss, by giving him Dr. Temple's brace of guns, and establishing him as jailer, with a warning: "Now, porter, don't take your eye off 'em."

"Lordy, I won't bat an eyelid." "If either of these lads coughs, put a hole through both of 'em."

The porter chuckled: "My fingers is just a-itchin' fer them lovin' triggers."

Mallory pocketed two of the captured revolvers, lest a need might arise suddenly again. As he hurried down the aisle, he was received with cheers. The passengers gave him an ovation, but he only smiled thinly, and made haste to Marjorie's side.

She regarded him with such idolatry that he almost regretted his deed. But this mood soon passed in her excitement, and in a moment she was surreptitiously showing him the bracelet. He became an accessory after the fact, and shared her guilt, for when she groaned with a sudden droop: "She'll get it back!" he grudgingly answered, "Oh, no she won't!"

He hoisted the window, and lunged the bracelet into a little pool by the side of the track, with a farewell: "Good-bye, trouble!"

As he drew his head in, a side glance showed him that up near the engine a third train-robber held the miserably weary train crew in line.

He found the conductor just about to pull the bell-rope, to proceed. The conductor had forgotten all about the rest of the staff. Mallory took him aside, and told him the situation, then turned to Marjorie, said: "Excuse me a minute," and hurried forward.

The conductor followed Mallory through the train into the baggage coach.

The first news the third outlaw had of the counter-revolution occurring in the sleeping car was a mysterious bullet that flicked the dust near his heel, and a sonorous shout of "Hands up!"

As he whirled in amaze, he saw two revolvers aimed point blank at him from behind a trunk. He hoisted his guns without parley, and the train crew trusted him up in short order.

Mallory ran back to Marjorie, and the conductor followed more slowly, reassuring the passengers in the other cars, and making certain that the train was ready to move on its way.

Mallory went straight to Dr. Temple, with a burning demand:

"You dear old fraud, will you marry me?"

Dr. Temple laughed and nodded. Marjorie and Mrs. Temple had been telling him the story of the prolonged elopement, and he was eager to atone for his own deception, by putting an end to their misery.

"Just wait one moment," he said, and as a final proof of affection, he unbuttoned his collar and put it on backwards. Mrs. Temple brought out the discarded bib, and he donned it meekly. The transformation explained many a mystery the old man had enmeshed himself in.

Even at he made ready for the ceremony, the conductor appeared, looked him over, grinned, and reached for the bell-cord, with a cheerful: "All aboard!"

Mallory had a sort of superstitious dread, not entirely unfounded on experience, that if the train got under way again, it would run into some new obstacle to his marriage. He turned to the conductor:

"Say, old man, just hold the train (ill after my wedding, won't you?"

It was not much to ask in return

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Your easiest way to make money is to buy land in Breckenridge county. Western land has had its day. Old Kentucky is the ideal spot in all this country for climate, for good crops, for good living, for good people, and good, long life. Breckenridge county has better and cheaper facilities for reaching the markets—two railroads and the Ohio river. The people are prosperous and land is cheap. Now is your time to buy. Land has advanced from 25 to 50, per cent in the last ten years. In another ten years, land will leap another 50 per cent. Get in now while the start is cheap.

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We have a number of inquiries for small farms from 50 to 100 acres, improved. If you have a small farm well improved, good level land, list it with us and we will do the rest.

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168 Acres. 3 miles from Irvington, on rural route. Good frame dwelling; 4 rooms and veranda; good barn 30x50; 3-room tenant house; 137 acres under plow; 100 acres grass; 25 acres in timber; well watered; eastern and southern crops; 35 to 50 bushels corn and 120 bushels tobacco to acre. Good clover land lays way to level location. Ideal in one of the best neighborhoods in the county. Price \$12,500; 1/4 cash. Terms on balance.

No. 2 300 acres 3 miles from railroad, near Sample; one mile from school-house.

No. 3 108 acres 1 mile from Ekron, Meade county; 1/4 mile of public school, 1 mile graded school, good land.

No. 4 Good Stock Farm. 155 acres; well improved dwelling; stock farm. Grows wheat, tobacco, corn, clover, and grass. 15 miles from Irvington, on rural route. This land has little rolling but does not wash. Price right.—Jno. D. Habbage, Cloverport, Ky.

No. 5 Beautifully located one mile from a live town. 100 acres practically all level and improved; good fencing. Ideal spot for dairy farm. Price reasonable. Write Jno. D. Habbage, Cloverport, Ky.

No. 6 108 acres located near Dukes, Hancock county; 120 acres under plow 5 acres timber; well watered; plenty of fruit; 2000 bushels corn; 4000 bushels wheat; rest rolling. Good land for tobacco, corn, wheat and clover. It is a bargain at \$1,800, \$500 cash, balance easy payments.

No. 7 155 acres 1 mile South of Rockvale, good level land, 4 room dwelling, tenant house and necessary outbuildings, school house and church in 300 yards. Price \$1,600 cash.

No. 8 74 acres, 3 miles from Kirk, dwelling, 1 1/2 story 6 rooms and porch, small tenant house, good barn and stable, good orchard.

No. 9 Two tracts—100 acres in one and 124 acres in the other; 124 acres located 2 miles from Hardinsburg; 100 acres 3 miles from Harned; 1/4 mile of Kingswood college.

No. 10 150 acres; located on Henderson Route, 1 mile east of Lodiburg.

\$3,300 140 acres, 2 miles from Guston, 3 miles from Irvington; well watered; lays well; good young orchard; good timber; good school house for yards from a mile; improvements; good four room dwelling with kitchen on back porch; two good barns; barn and tenant house and chicken house in the field; nest and hen house; wood shed; will sell easy payments; plenty of small fruit. Further particulars address Jno. D. Habbage, Cloverport, Ky.

\$2,000 For 100 acres four miles west of Glendene, 3 miles from branch railroad; all fresh land; 100 acres in cultivation; 50 acres in grass; will produce the best corn, wheat and tobacco in neighborhood; plenty lasting water, well at door of dwelling; log dwelling, 2 rooms and side room; good stable; 3 tobacco barns; 3 tenant houses. Plenty of good timber for farm purposes; good land to clear. Price \$2,000 1/2 cash.

for his services, but the conductor was tired of being second in command. He growled:

"Not a minute. We're 'way behind time."

"You might wait till I'm married," Marjorie pleaded.

"Not on your life!" the conductor answered, and he pulled the bell-rope twice; in the distance, the whistle answered twice.

Mallory's temper flared again. He cried: "This train doesn't go another step till I'm married!" He reached up and pulled the bell-rope once; in the distance the whistle sounded once.

This was high treason, and the conductor advanced on him threateningly, as he seized the cord once more. "You touch that rope again, and I'll—"

"Oh, no, you won't," said Mallory, as he whisked a revolver from his right pocket and jammed it into the conductor's watch-pocket. The conductor came to attention.

Then Mallory, standing with his right hand on military duty, put out his left hand, and gave the word: "Now, parson."

He smiled still more as he heard Kathleen's voice wailing: "But I can't find my bracelet. Where's my bracelet?"

"Silence! Silence!" Dr. Temple commanded, and then: "Join hands, my children."

Marjorie shifted Snoozleums to her left arm, put her right hand into Mallory's, and Dr. Temple, standing between them, began to drone the ritual.

When the old clergyman had done his work, the young husband-at-last graciously rescinded military law, recalled the artillery from the conductor's very midst, and remembering Manila, smiled:

"You may fire when ready, conductor."

The conductor's rage had cooled, and he slapped the bridegroom on the back with one hand, as he pulled the cord with the other. The train began to creak and tug and shift. The ding-dong of the bell floated murmuringly back as from a lofty steeple, and the clickety-click, clickety-click quickened and softened into a pleasant gossip, as the speed grew, and the way was so smooth for the wheels that they seemed to be spinning on rails of velvet.

THE END.

Subscribe Right Now.

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No. 11 150 Acres, two miles from Hardinsburg; 5-room dwelling; 2 barns; 3000 and 4000 bushels corn; good level land; grows corn, tobacco, wheat and grass. Price \$1,750. Land near this sold recently for \$400 the acre.

No. 12 122 acres, good and level land, good barn; all land cleared, well located; 3 miles from Irvington. Price \$3,300.

No. 13 250 acres lying in a valley; 5 room dwelling and 2 barns; 25 miles South of Kirk, 1/4 mile from school, well watered, 3 springs near barn; on Rural Route.

No. 14 100 acres, 100 level; all can be cultivated; 3 good dwellings; 2 feed barns, 1 1/2 tobacco barn; 3 miles from Sample. Easy terms.

No. 15 175 acres 1 mile East of Glen Dean; good, strong line stone soil, watered by wells and springs, on good county road, near good school and churches. New tobacco barn cost \$1,200, 3 stock barns, good tenant houses, fine clover and grass land. Price \$6,100.

No. 16 135 acres located 1 mile north of McQuady. Price \$2,000. 1/4 cash balance in yearly payments.

No. 17 250 acres 1 1/2 miles from Hardinsburg, county seat; well improved; one of the best farms in the county. Price \$1,000.

No. 18 50 Acres near Buras. Dwelling, level, rest rolling; soil sandy loam underlain with clay; well watered. Price \$550.

No. 19 90 acres well improved land, one mile from McQuady; all level, good shape. Excellent neighborhood. Plow tobacco and corn land; well watered. Price \$2,500.

No. 20 250 Acres, one mile from Harned; well improved; plenty of good water; 2 stock barns 30x50 and 30x45. Two-story dwelling, and tenant house. Price \$1,750.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

Cloverport Churches

Baptist Church

Baptist Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. C. E. Light

ALL THE NEWS FROM BRECKINRIDGE CAPITAL

Rev. Mr. English Accepts Call At Hartford Baptist Church. Ernest Haswell Sails For Europe To Pursue His Art Studies. Many Attend State Fair

FOOT-BALL GAME SATURDAY

Miss Alsey Miller has returned from Louisville.

Misses Clara and Bessie Hook have returned from Lewisport.

Teacher's Institute will convene Monday morning at ten o'clock. Prof. Gilbert, of Bowling Green, will be the instructor.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Beard are at home after a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Lulu Hook is at home from a visit to friends in Lewisport.

R. A. Smith has returned from Hites Run.

Ernest Haswell, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Haswell, sailed from New York the 7th, and after a ten days' ocean trip will arrive at Brussels where, for a year, he will pursue his course in art. He will be in the home of one of his schoolmates.

Mrs. J. T. Smith and children have returned from a visit to Mrs. Lawrence Carroll, of near Cloverport.

Mrs. Pat Dillon and sister, Mrs. Matting, spent Saturday with their brother, Taylor Mattingly, of Kirk.

The following are some who attended the State fair: Park Miller and brother, Le Scur, Gus Sheffman, Cland Mercer, Sherman Ball, H. E. Royalty, Beard Bros., T. H. Withers, T. F. Hook, Franklin Kincheloe, B. F. Beard, Jno. E. Kincheloe and wife and Paul and Russell Compton.

Judge Compton, of Birmingham, Ala., soliciting agent for the United American Insurance Co., leaves here today.

J. O. Burch, of Keewane, Ill., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Marcella Sheeran.

Mrs. Vera Jarboe and daughters visited in Cloverport.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Tucker, of Oklahoma, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Alexander.

Dr. Allen Kincheloe will practice medicine at McQuady.

Dr. Lex and Arthur Beard were visitors at Falls of Rough last week.

Mrs. Judith DeJarnette left Monday for Owensboro to visit Rev. and Mrs. E. B. English.

Rev. E. B. English has accepted the call of the Baptist church at Hartford.

Mrs. Henry Trent, of Custer spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Walls.

Frank Teaff is very ill at his country home.

For reliable jewelry and watches, write or call to see me personally for advice, repairing or purchases—T. C. Lewis, Hardinsburg.

Nathan Dowell, of Garfield, was here Saturday.

B. F. Galloway, of Roff, was here Thursday.

Judge N. McMercer is in Louisville visiting his daughter, Mrs. Estil Sutton.

Jones Mercer left last Tuesday for Frankfort to accept the position of prison clerk.

Dr. Floyd Gilliatt has gone to his home in Indiana.

J. H. Gardner went to Louisville Monday to buy his fall stock of goods.

Mrs. Mary Heston is the guest of Mrs. J. C. Payne, Irvington.

Miss Amelia Squires has returned from McQuady.

Franklin Beard left Monday for Louisville where he will attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Board attended the dedication of the Methodist church at Ekron Sunday.

The Owensboro High School and Breckinridge High School will play foot-ball here Saturday.

H. C. Hatley, of Bisbee, Arizona, was in town Saturday. He went from here to New Orleans before returning to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis Dowell spent Sunday in Garfield.

Dave Walls spent Saturday here.

Miss Mary Franklin is visiting in Louisville.

Rev. E. L. Shepherd has returned from conference and will preach here another year.

Dr. Walker and family have moved into the house vacated by Jno. Marshall.

HARNED

C. D. Payne, wife and children, of Oaks, arrived Friday to spend a few days with her father, G. W. Payne.

Mrs. P. R. Payne was in Hardins-

burg shopping Thursday

Miss Myrtle Beauchamp had as her week end guests Misses Annie May Whittingham and Alice Payne, of Oaks. Mrs. T. Ford Harper is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Tucker and children spent a few days last week in Owensboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tucker, of Mook, spent the week end with her parents, J. A. Grayson and family.

Excitement was aroused in our town last Friday night when the sawmill belonging to Priest Bros. caught fire, burning some lumber and skids and other damage. It was several hours hard work to get the fire under control.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of near Fordsville, are with their daughter, Mrs. B. F. May, and will attend the dedication.

Robt. Weatherford attended the State Fair last week and while in the city, purchased his fall stock of goods.

The Rev. Mr. Morrison, of Wilmore, Ky., arrived Saturday to preach the dedication sermon of the new Methodist church, but on account of the rain Sunday morning the church was not dedicated, so this will take place in October.

Mr. and Mrs. John Payne, of Indiana, were in our town Saturday and Sunday calling on friends. This is Mr. and Mrs. Payne's first visit in twenty years.

Mrs. John Hook and daughter, of Hardinsburg, were guests of Mrs. W. S. Payne Sunday.

Clint Tucker and wife, of Locust Hill, were in town Sunday.

Vernon Robbins and family, of near Bell's schoolhouse, was with her brother, Sam Beard, Sunday.

\$3.50 Louisville Evening Post and Breckinridge News one year \$3.50.

LODIBURG NEWS

Ernest Gibson Goes South To Teach School. W. B. Argabright Has Thrilling Experience In Louisville. Other Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Payne and daughter, Miss Ruby, Mrs. Ann Payne and Miss Nina Hardin attended the State fair.

Mrs. Bettie Argabright was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Pearl Bruce, of Brandenburg, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Parr and family were visiting Mr. Board, of Ekron, Sunday.

Misses Mary Noble, Annie Keys and Eula McKisson, Mrs. Ida Nottingham, and Lonnie and Roscoe Keys attended the State fair.

Mrs. Sallie Collins has returned home in Hamble, Mo.

Tom Smith, of Stephensport, was the guest of E. E. Chism last week.

Ernest Gibson started to Baton Rouge Saturday to take charge of the high school.

W. B. Argabright came near losing his life in Louisville Friday. He was severely beaten by three negroes while on his way to a hotel. They failed to get his money, but took his watch. Two of the negroes await trial in jail.

Mrs. Chas. Payne is on the sick list.

Paul Grant is very low with whooping cough and pneumonia fever.

Steve Wagner, of Louisville, was the guest of Miss Elsie Gravel last Sunday.

\$3.50 Louisville Evening Post and Breckinridge News one year \$3.50.

Road To West Point.

Surveys have been recently made by the Louisville Street Railway Co. with a view of extending their road to West Point. It is now at Orrell, and it has been definitely determined that it shall be built to Kosmosdale, three miles from West Point.—Elizabethtown News.

Subscription From a Soldier

Schofield Barracks, Hawaii; Co. D, 1st U. S. Infantry. Editor: Find enclosed \$1, for which send me the Breckinridge News, and oblige, Aug. 30, '12 Wilbur Webster

A Texas Wonder

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, removing gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for Kentucky testimonials. Sold by druggists.

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All the News All the Time

STONY POINT

John Francis Beavin got a finger cut off by a wagon.

Golda May Huff, the little daughter of Mr. Oliver Huff, died Tuesday.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Needman died Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ruppert attended the fair at Louisville.

Miss Edna Newton and Mr. Leo Beavin were married in Owensboro Thursday.

Notice

That resolutions of respect are published at 5 cents per line. Please do not send obituaries to the News without expecting to pay for the publication of this kind of matter.

BEWLEYVILLE

Miss Carra D. Frakes left Monday for Russellville, where she will enter for 2nd year in Logan Female College.

Mrs. W. C. Darling, of Carrollton, Ky., arrived Saturday to visit her sister, Mrs. Chas. H. Drury.

Among the number from this section who attended the State Fair last week were: Mr. and Mrs. Ben McCoy, Geo. Compton, Carl Compton, Edgar and Thos. Hardaway, E. P. Hardaway, G. A. Foote, Edwin Foote and Miss Bessie Foote, Wathen Drury and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Drury.

George Compton left Saturday for Detroit, Michigan, where he will make an indefinite stay with his brother.

D. C. Heron is on the sick list.

Rev. Daniel of the Baptist Seminary, Louisville, filled the pulpit Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Richard Carman and Miss Beulah Payne will attend the Convention and Teacher's Training School at Cloverport from Thursday till Sunday.

Two Progressive Physicians At Custer.

Custer, Sept. 16—(Special)—One of the most progressive physicians of Breckinridge county is found at Custer. Dr. J. W. Meador has already past three score, and has been a practicing physician for more than forty years, yet he doesn't seem to be an old man at all. He is a man that believes in progress along all lines. If you should meet him, you would at an instant recognize him as being a young man.

He is a man who believes in doing all that he can do for neighbors and community. Furthermore he seems to have the welfare of his patients at heart. The last statement is substantiated when we note that the last step forward in his immediate profession has been to install into his office one of the most up-to-date X-Ray machines that is on the market. This, so far as we know, is the first or second to be installed in the county. He will soon add all the appliances that are necessary, and in every respect will be ready to administer the treatment to all who may desire, and save the patient a large percent of the money that is spent in the city for the same treatment. Besides, home talent and efforts deserve to be indorsed first of all. Not only is this true of the physician, but of any other vocation or profession in life. Men who are willing to spend time and money to prepare for a thing are the ones who deserve the support of the people. It is not an unusual thing that they receive in abundance the reward for their efforts that is in keeping with the outlay of their energy, time and money.

The old Dr. is backed up in all his efforts by his son, Dr. R. W. Meador, who is not at all tiring in his efforts to aid the afflicted at all times and under all circumstances. The young Dr. is very active in his work and enjoys a very wide practice. He seems to possess the requisites of meeting people that leave a lasting impression. Nothing seems more sure than the enjoyment of a bright and useful future for the young Dr. He, too, is ever ready to aid in any movement for the betterment of his community.

IRVINGTON

Continued from page 1

Kendrick Jolly, who for the past three years has been with the Irvington Milling Company as general assistant, left Saturday evening for Chicago where he goes to accept a more lucrative position with the American Express Company. Kendrick is a young man of many sterling qualities and we bespeak for him success in his new position; on the other hand we deplore the fact that conditions are such that our young men, the brawn and sinew of our country, must seek in these large centers of trade for employment, thus depriving the smaller towns and country sections of their vim and vigor.

Mrs. W. J. Piggott spent this week in Louisville, she was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Eliza Mac Lean Piggott, who entered the Girls' High School. Prof. Reed highly commended Miss Piggott's teachers and her work, she entered the second half of the sophomore year.

The congregation of the Presbyterian church will build a new Manse in the near future. They met Saturday afternoon to decide upon the location.

The School Improvement League has just completed the concrete pavement on the new school property a distance of 250 square yards. They have graded the school grounds and on Arbor Day they expect to plant about one hundred trees. There shall be no stone left unturned to make this not only a center of learning but a spot of beauty in which every citizen of the town and community will take great pride. The League and the community in general is deeply grateful to Mr. Green Bandy for the unswerving interest he has taken in managing this work.

C. C. Smith and Master Harry Smith were in Louisville Wednesday and Thursday for the State Fair, while there they were guests at the Willard Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Dowell returned Friday from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dowell, of Louisville.

The Webster Stone Co. delivered a train load of limestone dust here this week, this dust will be used by the farmers as fertilizer.

Mrs. A. B. Suter, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. N. McGlothlin, returned Saturday to her home in Adams, Tenn.

Mr. Hirschel Kirk, of Richmond, is visiting friends here.

The new store of the Irvington Hardware and Implement Co. is nearing completion and with its completion and occupancy by the firm that corner of town will take on quite an up to date air.

With the exception of one-half a square in two places, there is one continuous line of concrete pavement from the depot to the school building. How about these two points?

Miss L. B. McGlothlin and Miss Mabel McGlothlin spent Wednesday in Louisville.

Mrs. Chas. Hawes and daughters are in Owensboro for a visit to relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Holly Neafus were seeing friends in Louisville this week and attending the Fair.

Contributions are being received by the School Improvement League for the Rummage Sale to be held in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Penick have gone to Cloverport where Mr. Penick has employment in the Henderson shops.

R. B. McGlothlin began work this week on the foundation for his cement block house which he will erect on Woodland Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Tate and son, Frank, of Louisville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Witt.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of McQuady, spent Sunday here as guests of their son, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Wilson.

Mr. Edwin H. Jolly, of Louisville, was here for the week end as the guest of his family.

Miss Mary Alexander went to Louisville Sunday morning, she will take a special literary course at the Presentation Academy, and continue her course in music with Miss Overstreet.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Smith, of Guston, spent Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dail Smith.

Consult T. N. McGlothlin for subscriptions to Courier-Journal, Times, Post, Herald, Farmers Home Journal, Stock Yard Journal, Western Recorder and Breckinridge News.

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